Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1665.

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THE BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 13, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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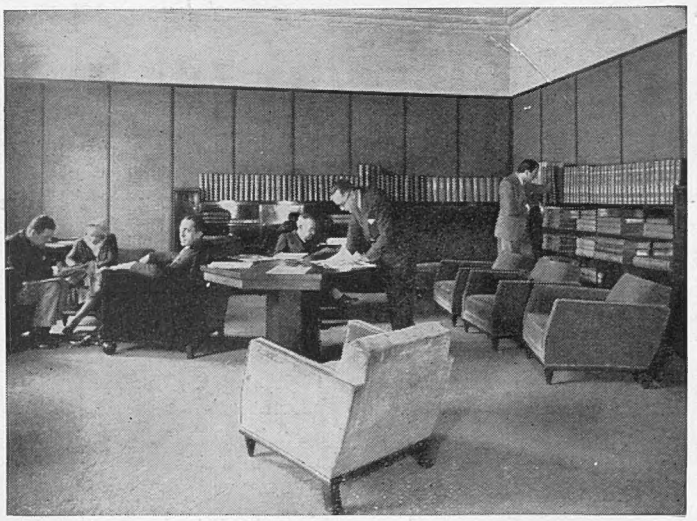

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The Bystander, November 13, 1935

No. 1665. Vol. CXXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

The Royal Wedding last week, in spite of its being an affair of the family and not of the public, gave London a happy day. The sun shone in the morning, Lady Alice Scott looked as lovely in her wedding dress, as smiling and radiant as a bride should, and when she and the Duke of Gloucester appeared on the balcony at Buckingham Palace, and drove through London to the station, the cheering crowds greeted them with eager and heartfelt rejoicing at their obvious happiness. The Duchess's brother, the Duke of Buccleuch, gave his sister away at the wedding service in the Chapel at Buckingham Palace

The Ro

Before and Afte the Chapel

Hay Wrightson

The Bride and Bridegroom and Their Attendants

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER had his elder brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, as "best men"; Lady Alice Scott had eight bridesmaids, all in the same pearl-coloured satin she wore herself. In this group are Miss Clare Phipps, the Duke of York, Lady Elizabeth Scott, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Lady Angela Scott, the Prince of Wales, Miss Moira Scott, and in front, Lady Mary Cambridge, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, Miss Anne Hawkins

Lady Alice Scott Smiles at the Crowd

The Bride Drives in a Glass Coach from Her Ho

al Wedding

he Private Service in Buckingham Palace

the Palace

Hay Wrightson

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester After the Wedding Service

The Family Party on the Balcony

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester drove in an open carriage through cheer-lined streets to St. Pancras

Right: the Duchess of Buccleuch took her son and younger daughter, Lord Dalkieth and Lady Caroline Scott, with her to the service at the Palace

Wedding Afternoon

The Start of the Honeymoon—and Some Wedding Guests

King George of Greece was one of the guests at Buckingham Palace

Right: the Duke of Kent leaving Belgrave Square. His sister-in-law, Princess Paul of Jugo-Slavia, went with him to the wedding

The Start of the Honeymoon

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester had Sir Josiah Stamp, Chairman of the L.M.S., to see them off at St. Pancras on their way to Boughton House, the Duke of Buccleuch's place in Northamptonshire, where they are spending their honeymoon

"Moscow Nights"

A Glittering Film Première at the Leicester Square Theatre

Sasha

The Director and His Mother

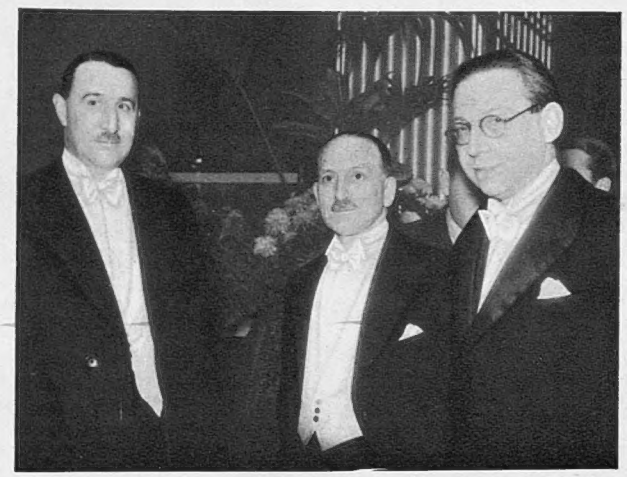
Lady Oxford and Asquith went with her son, Anthony Asquith, to the "Moscow Nights" première. As a director, his name is made by the brilliant work he's done in this film

Two Sisters and Their Husbands

Swaebe

Engaged Couple

Left: Lieutenant Home Kidston took his lovely fiancée, Lady Georgiana Curzon, to the Leicester Square première



Sasha

Mrs. Ronald Aird and Mrs. Peter Thursby and their husbands (the latter standing in reverse order) were in the very Mayfair audience that went to see how Penelope Dudley Ward acts in her first star part

Below: the heroine of the evening went to see herself act, and was in a party that included her equally attractive-looking sister, Mrs. Robert Laycock. They both wore flowers in their hair (the gardenia is Mrs. Laycock's)

All Magnates

Mr. J. A. Rank, Mr. C. M. Woolf (now managing director of General Film Distributors, a new company), and Mr. Alexander Korda got talking together on the way in. Mr. Korda, that far-seeing genius, already has film plans for Laurence Olivier, whose acting in the film is one of its high-lights

Left: the Charles Sweenys went together, Mrs. Sweeny, all wrapped in ermine, was looking as lovely as usual

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Swaebe

The New Star and Her Sister

Lady Brougham and Vaux and Gen. Arthur Asquith

Were in the same party for the "Dinner at Nine" Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Paddington Green Children's Hospital. Lady Brougham and Vaux was Jean Follett and was married this year. Brigadier-General the Hon. Arthur Asquith is an uncle of the present Earl

Swaebe

Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal

Right: Lord and Lady Strathcona were chairman and deputy chairman of the "Dinner at Nine" Ball and received the guests. The tea service that was on show was one made for presentation to the Duchess of Gloucester

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

ELECTION NIGHT and Armistice Night celebrations provide grand excuses for lavish entertaining. Mr. Selfridge's party to-morrow evening is a topic in advance.

Invitations are at a premium, and the fact that you have paid your bill means nothing to the entertainment committee in that giant store. It is one of the best parties that ever happens, results being posted up as they come through, amid terrific applause, hisses, and groans.

Every sort of celebrity you can think of is on view, plus supper and dancing galore.

A First-Night Party

AFTER the première of *Moscow Nights* there was a very grand supper-party at the Café de Paris. It took up most of the floor, which was full anyway, being Wednesday night.

The heroine of the evening, Penelope Dudley Ward, looked quite lovely in a dress of white quilted satin and lots of white fox; her younger sister, Mrs. Laycock, was dressed in black with a flower in her hair. Their mother, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and their aunt, Mrs. James Seely, could quite easily have been mistaken for their sisters. The Duke of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Oxford, "Puffin" Asquith, and Sir John and Lady Milbanke were also in this party.

Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley were with Lady Seafield and Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, who have deserted their beloved Scotland for a day or two. We saw Mr. John Hallett dancing with Miss Peggy Johnston, one of the many wearers of an obviously new black velvet dress, and caught a glimpse of Sonia Converse, whose initial effort at short-story writing is a great success.

A "Cooling-Off" Party

WARWICK CASTLE is to be shut up for a time. Lord Warwick is exploring the Far East, and Lady Warwick is looking for a country house smaller and nearer to London. The Castle is one of the most beautiful historic homes in England, and the State rooms, which are open to the public, are visited by thousands of sightseers every year.

There was a small "cooling-off" party there last week-end, duck-shooting engaging the guests of both sexes until darkness fell.

Mackintosh trousers and a woollen sweater are as becoming to Rose Warwick as her best and grandest clothes, and we have never seen her look more attractive than dressed in these uncompromising garments, playing with her seventeen-months'-old son and heir.

She takes her country life very seriously, and in addition to being a pretty good shot and head of the local Girl Guides, is one of the youngest and most thoughtful hostesses we have ever met.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden arrived there on Monday for serious Election business at Leamington. Mr. Eden is, of course, Lord Warwick's uncle.

A Circuitous Route

NEVER, surely, has anyone attempted a more circuitous route to an Atlantic liner than that popular American

Right: Francis Lennox Boyd and Betty Askwith were having supper in a party at the May Fair. She is Lord and Lady Askwith's only child, and collaborates as an authoress with Theodora Benson. They have just published a new book

Mr. Lennox Boyd and the Hon. Betty Askwith

visitor, Mr. Frank Rediker, who motored to Warwick for the day on Saturday, back to London in the small hours of the morning, thence to Winchester, where he spent the night (!), and caught the Europa at Southampton at ten o'clock on Sunday morning.

Sylvia Countess Poulett and her daughter sailed on the same boat. They intend staying over there several months, and letters, we understand, will not be forwarded.

Just a Big Party

On Monday night we packed a week's engagements into one evening. Dined with the most amusing man in London; went to the Charity Boxing Gala at the Stadium (a great success, in aid of the Ex-Services Welfare Society); supped at the Carlton with Captain Frank Covell, celebrating a birthday; took Sir Harry Preston back to the Piccadilly Hotel—we thought the intrepid little sportsman had an idea of going to bed. How wrong we were! A bottle and a dance were firmly fixed in his mind, so we had both, and it was pretty late when we got to the Four Hundred, where the Yacht Club Boys were creating a furore. It was one of those lovely evenings when star guests allow themselves to be persuaded to do a turn, and it becomes just a big party. Diana Ward, who is a big hit in *Anything Goes*, and Doris Hare, that inimitable comic, both obliged on this occasion.

Happy Returns to Both

The Ritz on Tuesday night was the scene of Mrs. Glorney's enormous birthday dinner-party. Here we found Mrs. Woolley Hart, slimmer and more radiant than ever. She wears a far-back halo with immense effect, and was dripping in chinchilla. Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas were there, and Captain and Mrs. Dennis Larkin, who have separate flats in London and communal week-end and holiday establishments at Sunningdale and Juan-les-Pins. We envy them their clever design for living. Mrs. Larkin is Italian by birth, small, dark, and utterly charming, and owns a good dress-shop.

The last—and certainly least, in one respect—arrival at this party was no less a person (again impossible) than "Steve" Donoghue, who came on from another party, and divulged the fact that it was also his birthday. Fifty-one, he told us. It 's hard to believe, but we wish both him and Mrs. Glorney, who is a great sportswoman, many, many happy returns of both their days.

Well Worth Half a Crown

Eve and Patsy Richardson gave a very good cocktail-party to celebrate their return from the States.

Their new Gloucester Gate house is divine, and the peacefulness and beauty of Regent's Park is well worth a half-crown taxi from the Ritz. The hostess, in the simplest dress in the world, made of the grandest oxidised lamé, told us she had been ill in New York, but had had a marvellous time in spite of this stroke of bad luck.

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, her dark hair done in tight "plastered" curls, Lady Veronica Hornby, in the best silver fox-trimmed coat of the season, and Mrs. Du Pont, in plum-coloured velvet with fat sleeves and a jewel-studded belt, were all at this party; also two hard-working beauties who share a flat—Miss Mollie Bishop and Miss Connie Dawes. The latter, believe it or not, was wearing a halo of skunk on her head.

Deserves Outsize Sapphires

Lunching at the Embassy one day, we found pretty Mrs. "Jimmie" Harris caught up in the Election whirl, canvassing for Captain Cunningham-Reid; Mrs. Simon Marks, in a quilted black

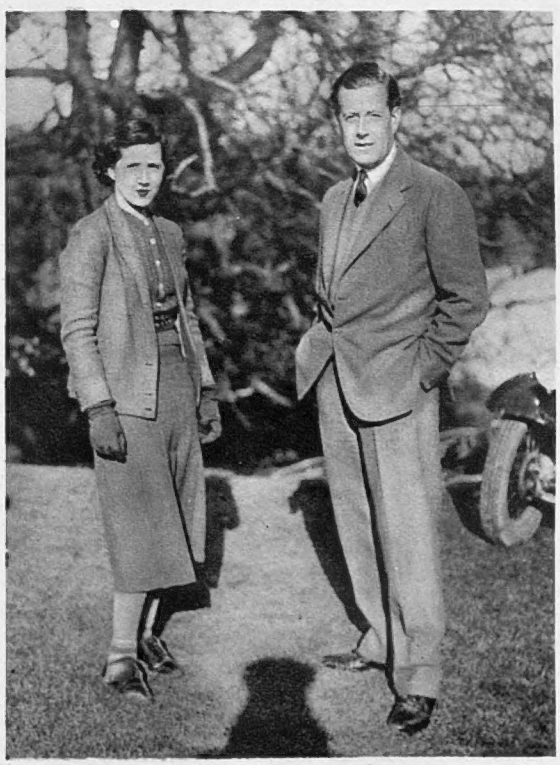
Daniel Dixon and his wife were out shooting with Lord Bangor at Castleward, Co. Down. Lady Diana Dixon is Lord Cowley's half-sister, and married in 1933; her husband is in the Grenadier Guards

Mr. Daniel and Lady Diana Dixon

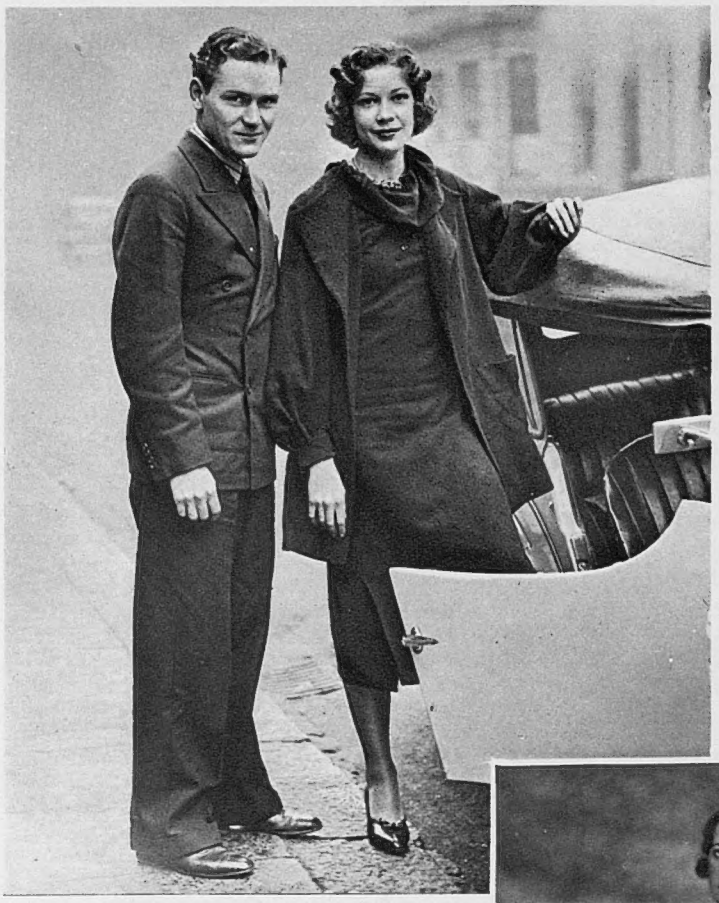
Left: Somerset Maxwell is Conservative candidate for North-West Norfolk; his wife is joint-Master of the Heacham Harriers. Master Barry Maxwell is four and a bit of a horseman; he has a younger brother of two

Right: Crista de Paravicini and Sir Victor Warrender, who is standing again for Grantham, for which he 's been Member since 1923, were photographed at the Belvoir opening meet at Croxton Park

The Hon. Somerset and Mrs. Maxwell



Miss Crista de Paravicini and Sir Victor Warrender



Left: Mr. Muir Mathieson and Miss Hermione Darnborough are engaged. He is the young Scottish conductor, from Stirling, and his fiancée is the daughter of Mr. William Darnborough, who once broke the Monte Carlo bank. She is a dancer, and was with the Vic-Wells ballet last season

Right: Anne Casson is Dame Sybil Thorndike's daughter, and went to her mother's first night in "Short Story" with Marie Tempest. She was twenty last week, and has been on the stage since she was six, when she played Tiny Tim in "A Christmas Carol"

Miss Anne Casson

Engaged Couple

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

suit and carrying a silver fox muff, tails and all; Mrs. Archie Campbell, who should be given outsize sapphires to match her eyes, and the nicest of the More-O'Ferralls lunching with Lady Long, still beautiful, in spite of a quite fantastic toque.

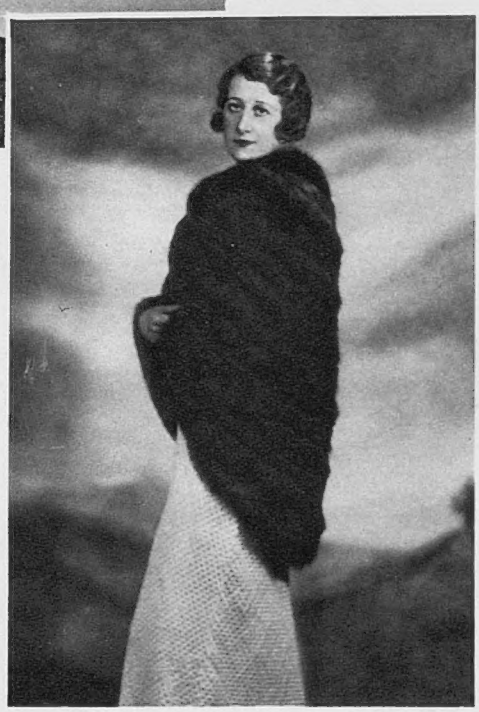
A face-doctor or beauty specialist who could manufacture dimples would make a fortune. They are so rare and maddeningly attractive that one is defenceless against them. Mrs. John Goodenday possesses several very good ones; Lady Moira Combe's show even in a photograph, and Derek Studley Herbert's are wasted on a man.

Off to America

BUSINESS and pleasure combined was the excuse for a cocktail and dress show at a new little shop just off Bond Street. Mrs. Stanhope Joel, one of the prettiest young matrons in Mayfair, was there, and told me that her cousin-by-marriage, Captain "Babe" Barnato, is off to America. Mrs. Sydney Tillotson, sister of Mrs. Ralph Hanké, was also sipping a cocktail while surveying the models.

A Wild and Woolly Fashion

Two new fashions attracted our attention, one being the tail of a silver fox twisted round a black felt cap; the other a vivid chiffon handkerchief twisted round the neck of almost every young woman present. The first looks rather wild and woolly to our unaccustomed eyes, but the second cheers up a dark dress, and saves you from a dark neck caused by wearing furs.



Janet Jevons

Mrs. E. L. Payton

Was a member of the Appeal Committee for Mrs. Leslie Gamage's famous ball for the Westminster Infants' Hospital at Covent Garden, and took a party to it, as well as working very hard beforehand

Two Prize-Winners

THE Dowager Lady Dufferin, aged ninety-four, judged the fancy dresses at Lady Veronica Hornby's children's party last Thursday. Lady Veronica is one of her many grandchildren, and her daughter Mariette, aged three, is a great-granddaughter.

A miniature Henry VIII., with red curls, won the "man's" prize; and Sir Timothy Eden's daughter, dressed as a powder-puff, walked off with the "ladies'".

English Enemy No. 1

THE belle of the ball was Patricia Richardson, whose baby brother could scarcely get into America the other day, having one English and one American parent (English Enemy No. 1 in Nurseryland!).

A cinema proved an enormous attraction to an audience whose ages ranged from two to seven, the party hours being five to seven.

A grown-up cocktail-party followed, and we were given a balloon and crackers on arrival by a faintly confused butler.

Irene Mann-Thompson was one of the prettiest girls we saw; Mrs. Fisher was another; the Rupert Byasses were staying in the house; and we decided for the *n*th time that our hostess has the best figure and quickest dress-sense in all London. The Hornby mansion in Eaton Square is divinely decorated. Very pale and smart and shiny.

A Date for Next Year

Two thousand four hundred pounds in one night for the Infants' Welfare Fund! We congratulate Mrs. Leslie Gamage on her untiring and unselfish efforts, her marvellous power of organisation, and the effect of her personal appeal. We arrived very late, just in time to see a small white figure in the midst of a vast assembly in an enormous building, asking one and all to help tiny stricken infants. Over one hundred applications were received for *next* year's ball, which will take place on the first Thursday in November, please note and remember.

Sir Gomer Berry and party occupied two of the largest boxes; Mrs. Everard Gates, with a ruffle of what looked like shells, was next door—Valerie, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Charles Birkin, and Captain and Mrs. Burrowes were in this party. The Simon Marks had an adjacent box, and their guests included Lord and Lady Milford Haven, Miss Virginia Cherrill, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Goldman—the last-named, who is tall and fair, was one of the loveliest people we saw the entire evening.

MISS PEEPS

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, youngest of a devoted trio, has retained "Baba" from her "Baba Curzon" days. Handsome and exclusive

Mrs. Eric Tyrell-Martin— "Babs" to the polo world, and with husband in 1936 Westchester Cup side, is a popular person whose baptismal names have faded out. Lives in California except for London Season

Miss Teresa Jungman, younger sister of Mrs. Zita James, is still "Baby"—a fair, ethereal creature with an intellectual head

The **Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater,** who was Ursula Dawson, is called "Baa" in the family circle, though she has a younger sister

NICKNAMES FOR NOTABLES

The Babies Grow Up and Remain Just "Baby"

Mrs. Paget was "Baby" Whittaker till recently. Her father trains, and she decorated race-meetings for several seasons before settling down to matrimony and a baby of her own

Mrs. John Beck, who suddenly surprised us all by getting married, was that popular golfer and "confirmed bachelor girl," Miss "Baba" Pim. Christened Dorothy. Only sister of Captain Cecil Pim, late Scots Guards

Left: **Mrs. Gerald Kelton,** whose husband's new thriller is giving Monte Carloites a thrill, was "Babs" Body. Great friend of Lord Cowdray's older sisters. Lives near them in Sussex

Another "Baba" is **Princess Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge,** only daughter of the magnetic Baroness d'Erlanger, and the best dresser in France

Left: this male infant, Capt. "Babe" Barnato, has two of his own now, but preserves bland, circular visage, wrinkle free. Hobbies—motoring, golf and going places

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 128

Tom Walls

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

TOM KIRBY WALLS has always succeeded in doing everything he has wanted. He wanted to be a detective. He became one. He wanted to act. He did so. He wanted his own theatre, and got it. He wanted to win the Derby. April the Fifth obliged. He wanted his son to win the Grand Military. Crafty Alice turned up. He wanted his own racing stables. He has them at Ewell. He wanted his own stud-farm. He has it at Chertsey. He wanted to be a film star, and director. He is both, and has just signed a two-year contract with C. M. Woolfe.

As a boy, he wanted to be an engine-driver, and he achieved even that wish. All that is left for him now is to win the Grand National (with Over the Hills in 1938), and to repeat his Derby success with his fine foal by April the Fifth.

Lean, side-whiskered, the son of a Northampton builder, nephew and cousin of countless farmers in that county and Lincolnshire, easy to coax but impossible to shove, Tom Walls regards his career on the stage and screen as a mere mistletoe growth on the oak-tree of his agricultural interests. Farming is his natural bent. The other job is quite foreign to his nature. He is passionately fond of fishing for anything from a stickleback to a salmon. He has ridden over a dozen winners in small races, and once had a sequence of eight seconds in Australia. He shoots. He hunts. He was Master of the Sussex Staghounds. He trains his own racehorses. He has never lived in London in his life, but he hates the colour green in business. Each of the films he has directed has made a profit, and goodness knows what he made out of *Tons of Money* and of his tenure at the Aldwych with *Rookery Nook*, *Thark*, and the rest. His stage career began with an amateur concert-party called the Gay Lootenants; followed with two seasons of busking at Brighton; continued by way of pantomime in Glasgow and a tour with the Scarlet Mysteries in Canada to three years of ballet at the Empire. A tour of Australia preceded a number of early revues, like *Oh, Indeed!* and *Come Inside*. But it was George Edwardes who gave him his real chance, at the Gaiety in *The Sunshine Girl*, at £25 a week. After George Edwardes' death, there was *Kissing Time* and *Whirled Into Happiness*; and then came the Aldwych with *It Pays to Advertise*—and finally, at long last, Ben Travers and *A Cuckoo in the Nest*.

To-day he grows melons, peaches, carnations and hay. He produces his own eggs, butter and milk. He breeds pedigree cattle and racehorses. And, incidentally, he directs and stars in some of the most successful comedy films ever made in England.

Election Roundabout

Chasing Votes for This Party and That

Mr. Winston Churchill

Left: Winston Churchill, looking like the Squire of Epping (his constituency), had Mrs. Winston Churchill as umbrella-bearer on nomination day. He had a twenty-thousand majority in 1931 to come and go on

Right: the Prime Minister got in unopposed, so had all his energies to spare for his speaking tour. He and Mrs. Baldwin were photographed on one of the many railway platforms they've trodden

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.

Mr. Lloyd George

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George in the Carnarvonshire village he lived in as a boy. He's got a straight fight in Carnarvon District against a Conservative

Miss Irene Ward

Is fighting Wallsend-on-Tyne again; she won it from Margaret Bondfield in 1931. Her constituents are mostly shipbuilders and dockers

Major and Mrs. C. R. Attlee

The leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party has a straight fight in Limehouse

A Heckler

Right: Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha canvassing among the juniors of his constituency, Devonport, where he has a Socialist to beat

The Minister of Transport

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

CONSTANT LAMBERT—"MUSIC HO!"

Constant Lambert's father was an A.R.A., his brother, Maurice Lambert, is a sculptor, and he himself might just as well have been a writer as a musician. He handles words with so dexterous and original a touch and has so pointed and satirical a wit that his one book, "Music Ho!" is not nearly enough. However, a musician he is, and at twenty this young man was the first English composer commissioned to write a ballet by Diaghileff. "Romeo and Juliet" and "Pomona," his two Diaghileff ballets, a piano sonata, a piano concerto, and "Rio Grande" are his chief compositions. "Rio Grande," originally for chorus, piano and orchestra, now makes a very effective ballet in the Sadler's Wells repertoire. Constant Lambert has been official conductor to the Vic-Wells ballet company for a season or two, and achieves a remarkably high musical standard with a hard-worked orchestra. He is still only thirty, has a Javanese wife, and a future that's bound to be interesting

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Out of the torrent of gabble and boopadoop preceding the General Election emerges one dainty, winsome fact—namely, that there are 38,660 women voters in Leamington Spa, of whom 38,559 will cast their votes for handsome globe-trotting Mr. Anthony Eden. The odd one, a maiden lady of independent means, will spoil her voting-paper by covering it with passionate X's. We doubt if anybody could ever win a seat from Mr. Eden, except John Gielgud, and this is as it should be. There have been many bitter criticisms of Mr. Baldwin's swamping future ballot-boxes with his "flapper" vote, but so many of the present Commons look like stuffed cod that an increasing proportion of good-looking M.P.s—for another example, the Hon. "Bill" Astor—certain of election by the women's vote wherever they choose to stand, is bound to get us somewhere; and if some of the triumphant candidates turn out to be dummies from the Fifty-Shilling Tailors, so much the worse for the admitted perspicacity and intelligence of the young woman voter. As keen feminists we trust the Women's Cause will never be crippled in this way by the blind enthusiasm of a mere handful—say two million—of those who are enjoying the hard-won fruits of the glorious thingumbob of the unconquerable whoosis of the immemorial dingbat. Pretty damn silly those girls will look, too, when the policeman shouts "'Vision!" "'Vision!", and their darling M.P. can't divide, but just sits there glowing pinkly, with a glassy smile.

Let them take example by the emancipated women of Finland, who elected a candidate with kind, soft liquid eyes who turned out to be an elk. Were those Finns sore? And have you, incidentally, ever seen a sore Finn? An old Icelandic proverb says that a sore Finn in the drawing-room means bollworm in next season's swede-crop.

Jobson! My Thucydides!

One sure sign of an approaching General Election, incidentally, is a certain excitement on the part of Auntie *Times's* little classical readers. Almost daily now they are being struck by something in a speech by Mr. Baldwin which recalls something exactly similar in Thucydides or Plato. Seizing their pens and whinnying with pleasure, they at once sit down and write to Auntie: "Happening to pick up my Thucydides a moment after perusing Mr. Baldwin's speech this morning, I was greatly struck" etc., etc. For a long time we were impressed and taken in by this, revering Auntie *Times's* boys as gods, picturing them lounging gracefully at breakfast over their Greek, frowning slightly at some inelegant meiosis or paronomasia, waving a large white hand in dignified approval of some subtle crack, occasionally correcting obvious lapses in grammar or taste with a gold pencil. The cold fact is, an eminent *Times* reader's butler assures us, that they all have cribs; either the ancient and trusty Bohn or the admirable modern Loeb Edition. Knowing Auntie's weakness for a drop of culture, they feverishly scan the English version in advance for bits resembling modern political speeches—which isn't difficult, the same resounding fumblebumble occurring in both. "Then," said our butler friend, himself a Balliol man, "soon as one of these here Cabinet blokes gets going with the old doings they bungs it in, pronto." We just thought you'd like to know this, in case you'd been taken in as well.

Heap Big Medicine

A Harley Street specialist has discovered that we all have dual personalities, like Dr. Jekyll, and that in addition the two halves of every face show respectively (*a*) inherited, and (*b*) developed character. In the case of a woman murderer the left half of her face, or "dormant personality-unit," gradually sapped the power of the right half, or "predominant personality-unit." (Or it might have been mumps, eh, doctor?) Interesting as this dual personality theory is, does it really get us much further than Daddy Pirandello, who has been producing excessively boring plays on the multiple-personality theme for years? We just inquire. We've got about eight personalities ourself, though we don't make a song about it. And (what is more) psychologists who burst on the world with startling new theories never excite us now as they used to, before we heard about Lombroso. The great Lombroso, who discovered the Criminal Type, was always being fooled. Somebody brought him a skull and said it was Charlotte Corday's, and he solemnly deduced all Charlotte's character from it; which would have been just fine had this particular skull not been picked up haphazard for a shilling in a rag-and-bone shop. He also came a woundy cropper over hands. People were perpetually pulling his leg, and he looked 57 varieties of ass. The moral is that every psychologist with a big new theory ought to safeguard himself with a little

"I want a dirty trick to play on my wife!"

appendix to his treatise saying, in tiny type:

Of course the foregoing 356 pages may be the purest bosh, boys. Ho! ho! Who cares?

Not many do this.

Thunder on the Left

ATTRACTIVE and intelligent as Post Office telephone advertising has become, we 're very dubious over the P.M.G.'s latest effort in the social contact line. "We couldn't bring the Flynns," say two arriving guests, beaming at their hostess in the doorway, "they weren't in the book." Had this referred to the Wizzicks (or even the Hemingway Burps), the average hostess would merely murmur "Thank God!" and the incident would be closed. But we 're pretty certain no Flynns would ever let themselves be socially side-stepped by such an obvious lie. "*Not in the book, is it?*" interrupts a terrible voice in the darkness, "when it 's cross-eyed and heart-scalded I am waiting on that foxy divil of a bell, and it as dumb as a maggotty sheep is dying in the butt of a Wicklow ditch, and it destroyed with walking the western roads? *Not in the book, is it?*" adds Mr. Flynn, emerging and tucking up his cuffs, "and I rising up in the red dawn and the darkness of the night and raging all times, God forgive me, the way I 'd be putting the curse of Red Hanrahan on its black mouth is leaving me lonesome, and I with a great drouth on me would twist a squint across an angel's brow, or a romping tearing divil on the flags of hell itself?" On which Mr. Flynn wades briskly into his lying friends, and a fearful time is had by all.

The P.M.G.'s publicity people ought at least to have completed the picture with another one, a tiny one, low down. Seated amid the ruins of their little home, a dazed host and hostess weep hand in hand. Underneath, the simple caption: "The Flynns *were* in the book."

"Please can I get down now, Nanny?"

"I got him cheap — he always gave the Rajah hiccoughs"

Blood and Iron Dept.

AN Austrian court has just vindicated the right of a sergeant-major to use fierce language on the parade ground; which is only just and in accordance with the military ideal, heroic and Spartan. To mould heroes—and every army is, ipso facto, an army of heroes—it is necessary for the military hierarchy to discard all natural refinement and assert absolute dominion over the bodies and souls of the rank and file in every possible manner. Flogging on parade being abolished, the sergeant-major still has this obligation. Hence the shattering bark, the oaths, the terrible mask, the crude personalities, the unstinted expression of everything a gentleman is taught from birth to treat with reticence. The fact that this iron régime really does achieve its object was amply proved in the last war. Though many of the rank and file, new to military ideals, profoundly resented this daily outrage on normal decencies, very few sergeant-majors were assassinated: which was just as well, since it is generally admitted that the sergeant-major is the backbone of the Army (like the sergeant, the corporal, and the lance-corporal). The brutal tongue, in fact, is traditional and essential, and we 're always meaning to be present one day at a ceremonial parade of the two hundred Swiss Guard at the Vatican. The Swiss Guard, which fought and died to a man so gallantly at the sack of Rome 400 years ago, are picked troops, commanded, we 're told, by a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and two captains, none of whom obviously can let fly in a normal manner on parade. If a Swiss Guard drops his halberd, therefore, what happens? Does the officer concerned merely burst a blood-vessel in heroic silence, or does he relieve himself afterwards in a long, long intimate letter to a friend in Milan?

Symphony in Purple

HUNTING has begun, and 3638 purple and leathery faces are already, as we write, distorted with fury and rancour. The essential comedy of the hunting field is that while there are about 500 packs of foxhounds scattered over the globe, in ninety per cent. of them, probably, the Master is an object of traditional loathing. Rabid as members of a given Hunt may be with each other, they invariably unite in damning the Master, who heartily returns the same. ("Now let the bastards say I don't go well enough," remarks a surly M.F.H. in Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man* to the gasping survivors after a hell-for-leather run with a drag.) The Pigstanton Hunt in Evelyn Waugh's last novel is a typical one. Disliking and despising each other furiously, they hate strangers worse, their fixed opinion being that "while all fellow-members of the Hunt were clowns and poltroons, strangers were without exception mannerless lunatics." And we hope we needn't remind you of a delicious hunting page in our Mr. A. G. Macdonell's *England, Their England*, and the "bloodies" and "bastards" which pour so exquisitely from the dainty lips of a sporting English Rose? Rich comedy, it seems to us, this naughty Mohock temper; as old as Nimrod and as natural to the primitive unspoilt natures of hard men (and women) to hounds as ratting is to a politician. They enjoy it, the chase demands it, the horses and the pack expect it, and any decent British fox who failed to hear his little playmates bumping and shoving and crashing behind him, purple with rage and fear, spattering mud and oaths with equal ferocity, would probably slink to the nearest farmer and put up his little paws, begging dumbly to be shot.

Dumb Friend

THE Austrians are such charming highly civilised and sensible people that it embarrasses us horribly to have to report to you that they 've just unveiled a cenotaph in Vienna to all the pigeons, dogs, and horses, "most faithful of man's friends," who fell in the (last) great war. This, if you remember, is precisely what our own R.S.P.C.A. wanted to do at Hyde Park Corner just after the Armistice, but there was such a howl of mirth that they gave it up. Though nobody 's fonder of animals than we are, we giggled a bit ourselves over this project, which seemed to us to be merely Nordic slop. We never thought people of high Latin culture could go that way.

It 's all very well to make an unnecessary fuss over animals, over and above treating them decently, as every civilised person does, but where are you going to stop? Societies for crooning over our dumb friends seem to us curiously illogical. Their interest seems to be dictated by the size of the animal. (They 're agitated, for example, over horses, but not over cockroaches, who are much dumber.) We don't mind wagering the Vienna memorial committee entirely ignored the claims of a very tiny animal, excessively friendly and faithful to man and strongly attached to every soldier, whatever his nationality, during the last war. You know the little fellow we mean. Nobody is particularly kind to him, dumb as he is; yet if fidelity and unselfish attachment are the criterion, he is just as deserving of tender recognition as those Old Family Retainers to whom Auntie *Times* devotes a patronising paragraph at regular intervals. And, what is more, does he ever let the burglars in, as the police will tell you some O.F.R.s constantly do? Well, then.

"Did you catch anything, Uncle?"

Clean Fun Dept.

ADD to our recent note on engaging misprints this one from the *Glasgow Evening News*, sent us by a Scottish connoisseur:

A silver medal has been awarded by the Post Office Art Club to Mr. A. Murray, postmaster at Kinross, for an etching, "Rumbling Bride," a Scottish subject.

It may possibly (our friend thinks) refer to Rumbling Bridge, a beauty-spot near Kinross. On the other hand, many Scottish brides do (or did) rumble, as old ballads attest. "O wha will shoe my bonnie foot, and glove my hand sae humble? I will for ane, my bonnie bride—but darling, *must* you rumble?" Somebody called Gordon or Wemyss generally sticks a dagger in them eventually, for the sake of quiet. THE BYSTANDERS.

THE PRESS GANG

No. 1.—"Punch"

OUR Mr. Punch is one
Who believes in good, clean fun,
For to wax the least bit *risqué*
In one's jokes just isn't done;
And so Suburbia
With a decorous "ha-ha!"
Still revels in the sort of gags
That pleased great-grandmamma.

His humour 's not the sort
One associates with port
When the ladies have withdrawn and
Men tell tales they didn't ought;
In fact, it 's of the kind
That is genteel and refined
With lots of awf 'ly spiffing jokes
That elevate the mind.

His staff, I 'm proud to say,
Are real gents in every way,
And most of them, I understand,
Have taken their B.A.
And week by week they write
Jolly skits for your delight
Which may not be too funny but
Are *ever so* polite!

B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Roger Hilton (Owen Nares), in confessing to a little intrigue, is surprised to find that his wife, Dorothy (Fay Compton), has also had her lighter moments

Sketches by Rouson

Everything Ends In Smoke

"Call It a Day" (Globe)

THE Hilton family, consisting of father, mother, two daughters and a son, provide an amusing example of domestic life in St. John's Wood, from the moment we first meet the parent birds being awakened by the arrival of their early-morning tea to face the common round of another day. And don't we all know that early-morning start? The almost insuperable difficulty of everyone getting the bath-room when he or she wants it, and how someone will always dawdle, or selfishly use all the hot water.

On this particular occasion each member of the family gives the impression that it is to be no ordinary day in their lives; they are going to start something! But by nightfall, not one of them can say "something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose." Father (Owen Nares), an accountant, and, as his cook proudly boasts in the kitchen, a "chartered" one, *almost* involves himself in an affair with Beatrice Gwynne (Valerie Taylor), a glamorous and temperamental young actress whose income-tax returns he is attempting to unravel. Mother (Fay Compton) is *almost* persuaded to take seriously a most unconvincing man, who has just returned home from the back of beyond and falls in love with her on sight. Catherine (Patricia Hilliard), the elder daughter, *almost* succeeds in throwing herself into the arms of an unpleasant artist (Austin Trevor), who is protected from the maiden's onslaught by his prosaic little wife (Lois Heatherley). Martin, the son of the house (Geoffrey Nares), is rescued from a very undesirable boy friend by the advances of the girl from next door (Moira Reed), on whom he turns a favourable eye. The youngest of the family, Ann (Alexis France), is the lucky one; she had not tried to do anything special, and she has had a lovely day. She says so. This clever actress rather runs away with the honours; it would have been so easy to have made Ann an objectionable little prig. Marie Löhr gives a brilliant sketch of the hearty type of woman. One could wish some of her lines about servants might be deleted, they are poor in humour and poor in taste. Muriel George makes a superb cook, and the young house-parlourmaid (Mavis Clair) is an ingenuous maiden who delighted the house by saying that she had "never thought of a bulldog as a lady."

The author, C. L. Anthony, seems to have a complex for the "woman as huntress" theory, borrowed, perhaps, from the Shavian school. This, if less pleasantly presented, might have been unpleasant, as two of the girls are in full cry after the men on whom their hearts are set, and three others, though milder in their methods, might be described as faint but pursuing. How much better to be Ann, whose young affections are centred on Rossetti!

Perhaps it is a tribute to the naturalness of the dialogue that the play appears to be perfectly cast, and yet, in spite of this, there is an odd feeling of surprise that it is so easy to believe in this family, who, for all their homely humour and their knack of doing and saying just what you or I would do or say, are, after all, au fond, just familiar stage types. Never mind, it is extraordinarily pleasant to watch them almost achieving adventures, even if it all ends in smoke.

Paul Francis (Austin Trevor) is a hard-hearted philanderer

Catherine Hilton (Patricia Hilliard) is the victim of a bad attack of unrequited love

Anthony

Farewell to a Ballerina

Phyllis Bedells, the great English ballerina, made her last appearance as a dancer last week. Her career as executant began in 1906, when she was the First Oyster in "Alice in Wonderland"; she worked with Cavalazzi, Cecchetti, Pavlova, Alexander Genée; succeeded Adeline Genée and Lydia Kyasht as première danseuse at the Empire in 1914, and for the next few years was at the height of her powers. Since 1927 she has danced very little, but has built up a fine reputation as teacher, for which she has very great gifts. Her matinée at the Hippodrome last Friday was a grand farewell, with all the leading English dancers supporting her—Ninette de Valois, Alicia Markova, Pearl Argylle, Dolin, Helpmann, Turner, among others, as well as Attilia Radice, première ballerina of La Scala, Milan

Frederick Ashton

Choreographer and Soloist of the Vic-Wells Ballet

Photographs by Anthony

As Pierrot in "Carnaval"

Below:
Ashton in His Own "Façade"

FREDERICK ASHTON has gone to Sadler's Wells this season as a choreographer and one of the principal soloists, and a very great asset he is on both counts. It is as choreographer that he is best known there, for several of his ballets were already favourites in the répertoire before this year—*The Lord of Burleigh*, *Rendezvous*, one of his most charming and best-liked compositions, and *Rio Grande* to Constant Lambert's music. This year *Façade* has been revived, to everyone's delight, and *Baiser de la Fée*, to Stravinsky's music, is coming at the end of the month. He is also working on the Osbert Sitwell-William Walton ballet for Cochran's 1936 revue. Ashton started dancing with Ida Rubenstein in Paris in 1929—after eighteen months' work in the City, which didn't suit him at all—and toured with her all over Europe. He has been associated with Marie Rambert and the Ballet Club since its foundation, and several of his ballets were first produced there. He has also been to America and is one of the few English choreographers whose work is known there

Gwyneth Matthews and Frederick Ashton as the Debutante and the Dago

ASHTON was born in Ecuador, and perhaps that 's why his Dago in *Façade* is such a masterpiece of burlesque. Gwyneth Matthews dances the clumsy, enthralled Debutante to his slinking, finicky gigolo. By contrast, Ashton dances the melancholy, befooled Pierrot in *Carnaval*, and takes the male rôle in *Sylphides*, which he does well. Both as dancer and choreographer, his sense of humour is strong rival to his feeling for the romantic

• FILMS of the DAY

The Passing of the First-Floor Blonde

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Luise Rainer

The Viennese girl, who makes her film début in "Escapade," the Hollywood version of "Maskerade," has caused a stir of critical controversy, partly because she's like Elisabeth Bergner and partly by comparison with Paula Wessely, who created the part. Sydney Tremayne joins the pro and con battle this week

Sylvia Sydney

This clever little actress is the secretary-actress star of "Accent on Youth," with Herbert Marshall as the middle-aged man she falls in love with. The film is a screen version of the stage comedy which ran on Broadway and for a short time over here

Two new film stars—and they are both dark! What is more, they are neither of them "glittering," "glamorous," or "groomed"! Neither of them gives the impression of, or is represented as occupying, the suite-de-luxe on the first floor of one of those very Grand Hotels; nor are they mannequins in disguise, trailing glories by Zo-and-Zo Cie. In fact, so little do they conform to the standard of accepted stardom that it is almost necessary to invent a new title for them, or perhaps one might revert to the obsolete and call them actresses.

"Escapade," the American translation of Walter Reisch's famous *Maskerade*, is an entertaining comedy of intrigue, founded on an actual pre-war Viennese scandal. A society woman poses for a famous artist and reprobate, wearing only a mask and a chinchilla muff and stole. In error, the drawing is sent with others to a newspaper, and published. To save the lady's reputation, the artist invents a sitter called Miss Major. Inquisitive relatives discover her in the person of an "obscure young woman" acting as companion to a scandal-loving countess. Artist and innocent victim meet and love. Subsequent misunderstandings, mischief, the jealousy of a discarded mistress form a diverting pattern of comedy, drama, and near-tragedy.

An especial word of praise is due to Reginald Owen, as a be-spectacled, long-haired musician of vague temper and perfect enunciation, and to William Powell, the technically proficient philanderer converted to true love, and the generous accomplice of Luise Rainer's triumph.

At first we are confronted with a starry-eyed ingénue, but before we have had time to analyse the spell cast by this apparently simple and rather hideously dressed girl, she reveals herself as a brilliant, subtle, and unselfconscious comédienne. Her handling of a tipsy scene, and irrepressible though genteely restrained hiccoughs, is really "funny without being vulgar." And the scene in the artist's studio, when the girl's very innocence makes her fear "the worst," is, between Louise Rainer and William Powell, one of the most delicious pieces of comedy I have ever seen and heard in the cinema.

Still photographs do nothing like justice to Luise Rainer's expressive, mobile, illuminated little face, with its pointed chin, sensitive mouth, and vivid dark eyes. Her flexible voice and slight accent are component parts of her charm. She is the only film actress since Garbo who, one feels, is independent of direction.

Our second film debutante impresses, not by brilliance or Thames-inflaming acting ability, but by the intrinsic and unique atmosphere she exhales, and the gentle, smooth orientalism which sets her apart from European and American artists.

Michiko Meinl, a Japanese actress of twenty-four, makes her first appearance on the screen in the Wien-Film production *Last Love*. Her face is almost mask-like in its smoothness and classic contour, but can express suffering, bewilderment, and even joy of living. Her body is slender and supple, her little boneless-seeming hands are infinitely expressive.

"Last Love" is a melody rather than a "musical." It takes us behind the scenes in Viennese operatic circles. An old, once famous composer is inspired by the little Japanese girl, one of his wife's singing-pupils, to write his greatest opera. He insists that she shall sing the chief part. His son is the conductor at the Opera House. Father and son work feverishly, often against one another, to get her accepted, and to coach her for the part. Both are in love with her. Not unnaturally, youth turns to youth, and on the eve of the production of the opera, the old man learns that it is his son she loves, and, having given them his blessing, distraught, steps in front of a motor-car. . . . The girl accomplishes her first-night triumph, but is conscious of the surviving spirit of the great man whose last love and inspiration she was, and flies . . .

A simple, ingenuous, and unoriginal story, but it is beautifully done and interestingly photographed. Apart from the appeal of the little Japanese lady, the excellent acting of Hans Jaray as the son, and the competent, though heavy, histrionics of Albert Basserman as Bruck, the composer, *Last Love* is a feast for music-lovers. The famous Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Professor Rose, is a star turn.

Curious how this theme of the love of old men for young girls is momentarily an obsession with film-makers. It reared its head, under platonic mask, in *Episode*, it is seen at full length in *Last Love*, and it is the subject of *Accent on Youth*, in which Herbert Marshall and Sylvia Sydney are starred. But in this picture the question is begged, because the "old" man is represented (perforce, since he is Herbert Marshall) as a handsome and by no means senile Lothario in the middle forties. There is nothing very startling or discrepant in the love of a girl of twenty-two for such an one!

However, that is our story, and we must stick to it! *Accent on Youth* is well made, well acted, and has some good lines. Steven, the playwright, must have met The Scoundrel at some time, but Mr. Marshall has not Mr. Coward's satanic cynicism, nor is he given lines inspired by his especial talent. Sylvia Sydney (whose acting in *Street Scene* shall never be forgotten) is always sincere and moving, but there is not much to be made of Linda, the infatuate but fickle typist-actress.

Norman Parkinson

Vivien Leigh

The next time we see her is probably going to be on the screen. Mr. Alexander Korda got the girl for his studio when her meteoric rise to fame in "The Mask of Virtue" brought her a postman's bagful of contract offers. The theory is she's to play opposite a beak-nosed Charles Laughton in "Cyrano de Bergerac." After that, and if it's finished in time, she is going to America to play Ophelia to Leslie Howard's Hamlet for a short season, and there is talk of Howard bringing her and himself and the whole production to London when Broadway has done with it. Norman Parkinson has got this picture of Vivien Leigh in the exhibition of his work in his Dover Street Studio

A New M.F.H. in Scotland

Lord Inverclyde has taken over the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire this season from Mr. Charles Collins, who has retired after a ten years' Mastership. He's talking to Bill Dickinson, huntsman since 1922, at the opening meet at Houston House, Mr. A. A. Hagart Speir's house near Paisley

Concessioner and Master

Mr. F. W. Ricketts, the Abyssinian concession king, is now Master of the Craven. With him is Mrs. R. Gooch

Below: Lord Ashton of Hyde, joint-Master of the Heythrop, was out on his pack's centenary day, when the Duke of Beaufort brought his hounds to hunt the country that his ancestors hunted before the Heythrop existed

Lord Ashton of Hyde

Below: Eridge Castle, in Kent, where the Eridge held their opening meet, belongs to the Abergavennys. The Master, Major Guy Larnach Nevill, is a cousin of Lord Abergavenny

The Opening Meet of the Eridge was at Eridge Castle

Lady Sylvia M

A Typical Parkland Setting: the South Atherstone Move Off After Their Opening Meet at Newnham Paddox

Look Out Now, Fox!

November's First Week Brings a Flood of Opening Meets

Master and Master's Wife

Mr. Reginald Wright is with Mrs. Geoffrey Shaw, whose husband has joined Mr. Wright this season as joint-Master of the South Atherstone. Mrs. Shaw is Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller's elder daughter

Lady Leconfield

Lord Leconfield's always hold their opening meet at their Master's place, Petworth House. Lady Leconfield and her adopted daughter, Elizabeth Wyndham, were both out

elow: Lady Sylvia Mait-nd went out with the auderdale for their first ay. They met at Thirle-ane Castle, her parents' lace in Berwickshire

itland

Lady Patricia Mackay

Left: Lady Patricia Mackay had her first day's hunting with the South Atherstone, of which her father was joint-Master last season

John Everard

PASSING SHOWMEN: Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 4. Murdoch Beaton—A Born Juggler

Left: Capt. Sir Anthony St. John-Mildmay (Household Brigade) and his opponent, F. M. G. Chancellor, on their way to the first green in the recent match between Denham and the Household Brigade

Right: Miss Diana Fishwick's team of women golfers, receiving a third, beat Oxford at Wentworth by 12½ to 8½. W. I. E. Thorburn, Miss B. Pyman, Miss Diana Fishwick and A. R. W. Low are seen setting forth to battle

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

LAST University golfing season (the golfing season at the Universities is the same as the football), Miss Diana Fishwick got up a team of lady golfers to play against Oxford and against Cambridge. One of the qualifications for her side was that you must not be married, and she actually collected very young teams, most of the members of which were very little, if any, older than their opponents. The University teams behaved in a most ungallant and unchivalrous manner, and only allowed the girls to record two victories in each match and then only by the good play of champions. These matches were played early in March this year, and it has been argued that the men (I nearly wrote boys) had a great advantage as they were in full training, while the girls had played little golf and were out of practice; but as these matches were played only a little over a week before the Ladies' London foursomes, I cannot believe that all the girls were short of practice. On the other hand, the University golfers are, or should be, at the top of their form about the time these matches were played, as it was only about a fortnight before they went to Burnham for the Varsity match.

THIS season return matches were played, and took place on October 30th, when Oxford was defeated at Wentworth by ten matches to six, and on November 10th, when Cambridge was, probably, just as easily vanquished; I can only say "probably" because, as I write, this match has yet to be played. It seems a pity that more suitable dates cannot be arranged for these most interesting matches. At the end of October and beginning of November the University players have had little practice and the Freshmen, in the majority of cases, no experience of serious golf. The University captains are still trying new players, and it is quite certain that the Varsity match teams will be very different from the teams, which have just played against Miss Fishwick's teams.

In all these matches the girls received six strokes on the golf-course and both sides played from the same tees, usually a little in front of the men's middle tees and considerably in front of the back tees. In the match last month at Wentworth, at the ninth hole the girls had no difficulty in getting home in two, although this hole measures 515 yards from the back tee, from where long-hitting men require two of their best to get home.

I think this method of playing these matches is good, namely, the girls receive a third and both sides play from the same tees, placed not too far back, as the girls are certainly more experienced golfers. If a team of first-class men golfers play a team of first-class ladies, I am sure the best and most interesting match will result if the ladies receive a third and play from the L.G.U. tees and the men from the back tees. If, as happens in the Stoke Poges Men versus Ladies match, the ladies receive a half and both sides play from the furthest back tees, I am strongly of the opinion that the ladies are at a great disadvantage and are not likely to enjoy their day's golf, as they are continually faced with holes which they cannot hope to reach in two shots, even if both are struck perfectly; also, they are called upon to play shots which, as a general rule, are not required.

Left: Capt. Duncan Stewart (Denham) and Major R. V. Martyn (Household Brigade) waiting their turn during the recent match at Worplesdon

Right: two more competitors in the match between the Household Brigade and Denham. They are Capt. G. F. R. Hirst and R. B. Templeton

PASSING SHOWMEN

No. 4. Murdoch Beaton—Juggler

THIS very reticent old gentleman says that he was born a juggler and has never done anything else. He has never performed under a roof in his life, has juggled in the streets since boyhood. Now he's rising seventy, but walks to Scotland at the end of every summer, returning on foot the next year. His London residence is near St. Catherine's Dock

Miss Veronica Turleigh

Is Mrs. James Laver in private life; her husband wrote "Nymph Errant," and has a new novel coming out very soon. Her last part was in that brilliant comedy "Frolic Wind." She is Irish, and has her country's amusing turn of speech

Miss Prunella Higgins

Is a last year's debutante, has "Binky" for her nickname and is just back from Italy, where she was staying at La Mortola, the Hanburys' lovely villa. Her pale skin, cendré hair, and dark eyebrows and lashes are an unusual and attractive combination

Round the Town: Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Miss Joanna Kennedy

Left: Joanna Kennedy is an ex-deb blonde who's much in demand for charity committees and pageants. She is the only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. H. B. Kennedy; her father used to be in the 60th

Right: a lunch-party sketch of Mrs. James Hamilton; she has a nice house off Park Lane, and is always very well dressed

Mrs. James Hamilton

"Bystander" Short Story No. 11

First-Class Comedy

By Claudia Parsons

ALGY MCRAE was on his way to visit his aunt at Woking. It was important to visit Aunt Louise from time to time, as she had reached a wavering old age when, at the slightest hurt or whim, she altered her will. And this Saturday was the anniversary of her husband's death, when she always liked to have her nephews with her. This year, however, Robert, the elder and already wealthy nephew, had written to say that he could not get away; he was being best man at a wedding. Algy had heard that one before; he also knew that Robert had only one more week's tenancy of the cottage at Fawley.

This, then, was the moment for Algy to go to Woking and settle his aunt's affections for ever. He had always felt that they ought to know one another better. Aunt Louise had the impression that Algy was rather wild, and that Robert was reliable and steady, whereas, of course, Algy had merely an affectionate nature, and Robert had sufficient means to keep his fun quiet. Algy must at all costs convince his aunt that, in spite of what the papers said, he had had nothing to do with that "Purple Hell" business.

He had written saying he would be with his aunt on Saturday afternoon, and so he would have been if he had not got into the railway carriage with the rarest beauty he had seen for years.

IT was not quite by accident that he got into the carriage. He saw her as he passed by, sitting with face averted on the far side of a first-class carriage. He had liked the look of her neck and the fair curls, the cunningly tilted hat, and the shape of her ankles. Being a man of some experience, he had seen all this in passing, but he knew that these assets were no guarantee of a face of equal attraction. How often, too, the face that appears so beautiful from behind the wind-screen of a car proves to be utterly disappointing when it emerges from behind that wind-screen. Life is like that. But one is always optimistic. Therefore Algy turned back and got into the compartment, even though he had only a third-class ticket, and when the vision looked up from her book to turn a languid, incurious gaze on him, Algy's heart stood still. She was quite ravishing.

Was there a smile on the beauty's lips when, her eyes on her book, she listened to the transaction over Algy's ticket when the ticket-collector came? But by this time two unimaginative women had got into the carriage, and then, just as the train was about to leave, a young man in a grey suit passed the window, saw the vision, halted irresolute, and then, as the whistle blew, he also got in. "Bounder!" said Algy, under his breath.

CONVERSATION with the beauty was now impossible, but during the journey Algy's eyes devoured her; she could not raise her head without encountering his gaze, and if concentrated attention cannot convey undying love, at least in this case it suggested undisguised admiration amounting to adoration.

But the response was poor. Algy felt piqued. Women generally noticed him a good deal, and though this one looked sadly expensive, well beyond the range of Algy's purse, yet how could she know that the well-tailored young man across the compartment had not paid his tailor for four years? Damn it; there must be a heart somewhere under that expensive fur stole, and there was no indication on the slim white hands that the heart was already claimed. On her suit-case Algy read, "J. A. Neville."

WHEN the train reached Woking, Algy's presence had influenced her no more than to make her move her feet out of the way as he crossed over to open the door on her side of the carriage. He thanked her for this courtesy, raised his hat, and then remained on the platform. If she was so soon to be whirled out of his life, he would stay within sight of her for as long as she was there to dazzle him. The man in grey had also left the carriage, but the women remained. Then the train began to move, and, as it did so, the charmer turned back, looked at Algy and, smiling, waved her hand.

Algy stood paralysed. He had not known up to that moment that a woman does not necessarily have to look in order to see. Now he realised that she had received all the messages he had been trying to convey, and a certain mischief, possibly decorum, had stayed her from giving any sign till she knew he could not follow her. Algy picked up his suit-case and leapt with it into one of the last carriages now gliding past him.

This time it was third class, and there was only one other occupant, who was almost concealed behind a newspaper.

Illustration by Clark Fay

The charmer looked at Algy and, smiling, waved her hand

Algy's mind was occupied with that smile, and with the wording of the telegram he would have to send to Aunt Louise. It would be difficult to sound convincing within the limits of a telegram. It would have to be something drastic which had detained him. What about quinsey? But quinsey would depend where the telegram came from.

"Can you tell me," he suddenly addressed the man behind the newspaper, "where we are going?"

The newspaper was lowered. There sat the man in the grey suit. "This is the Southampton train," he answered, after a slight pause, during which he looked earnestly at Algy. Then he added: "It does not stop anywhere else."

"Thank you," said Algy briefly, wondering what motives had prompted this man also to change into a third-class carriage at the back of the train. But chiefly he was thinking that Southampton wasn't too bad. One never knew, of course, and the charmer would surely be touched to see how eagerly Algy had followed her, but he doubted if he would get more than a brief conversation with her when they reached Southampton, perhaps securing her address. Failing any greater success, he could convert his week-end at Woking into one at Fawley with Robert. Only, in that case, quinsey was out of the question. Quinsey would never sound convincing wired from the neighbourhood of Robert's cottage.

During these musings, the man in grey was studying Algy, and had now taken out a pen and seemed to be making notes.

A LITTLE later he leaned forward, and offered Algy his newspaper. Algy thanked him and began dully to read the news on the front page. When he had turned a few more pages he discovered, tucked in the crease of the newspaper, a note that might have come there by accident, or, again, might not.

The note was written on a piece of paper on which was the printed name of a firm, and as Algy read "Henderson, Atlee and Price," he flushed scarlet and cast a glance at his companion. But the man was now so sound asleep that his head was wagging crazily with every motion of the train.

A year ago, those names would have meant nothing to Algy, but when the proprietors of "Purple Hell" absconded with the till, and a firm of private detectives was engaged to trace them, how often those names had been handed to Algy printed on visiting cards. The whole dark episode had left him prejudiced against the firm. Under the printed name was a hand-written note which read: "Unless you 've got the hell of a racing car waiting for you at the station, you 'll be unable to keep pace with them. I have. But there 's only room in it for me, so you 'd better stand out of this. This is the goods, and it 's our firm who 's going to be in first with the news, and not you. If L.B.N. with all his wealth can't make a case out of a big sap like this, I 'm jiggered. Take it from me, you 're wasting your time."

Algy turned again to look at the sleeper, and found himself being watched. But for that, he might have dismissed the note as having no meaning for him, as having got into the paper by accident. Now he was certain it had been meant for him to read, and, politely returning the newspaper to its owner, he sat for the remainder of the journey, his mind working round and round the message.

"Can't you twiddle 'em the other way?"

The man in grey was a detective. The note would certainly have meant nothing if Algy hadn't known that. And he seemed to think that Algy was also a detective. Why did he think that? Try as he would, Algy could only find one explanation. Because they were both following the same person. Algy's interest in the charmer had been observed. He had even had to ask where the train was going. Why was there a detective on the trail of the charmer? There could only be one reason. Indeed, one might expect the path of such beauty to be strewn with detectives. "If L.B.N. . . . can't make a case of this . . ." And the name on her suit-case was Neville.

ALGY had just mastered the problem when the train reached Southampton. He must at all costs warn her. To this end he pushed past "Grey Suit" to be first out of the carriage. "Grey Suit" said: "All that hurry 's no use to you, my boy. The hare has to run in front of the hounds."

"Fool!" said Algy ungraciously, and hurried along the platform. There she was, waving to someone from the window. There was someone answering the wave. And then Algy stopped short. The answering wave came from his brother Robert. They greeted each other effusively. They walked together off the platform, lost to the world in contemplation of each other. Algy was held up at the barrier to pay for his ticket. He reached the station exit in time to see his brother's Bentley streak out of the yard, followed by the detective in a Ford "V-8." The detective waved to him.

An hour later, Algy was saying over the 'phone: "Hullo, Robert. I say, can I come and spend the week-end with you?"

"Hallo, is that you, Algy? No, I don't think you can. I 've got the deuce of a house-party—every bedroom full . . ."

"Oh, yea?"

"What do you mean, 'Oh, yea'?"

"Well, I happened to be at your elbow when you were meeting your house-party this afternoon at Southampton."

"*You* were? Good God! What were *you* doing? . . . Well, see here; don't you judge others by your own standards. I *have* got a house-party, and the girl I met off the train is the only girl in the world. When she 's got rid of her husband, we 're going to . . . well, I won't be indiscreet over the 'phone."

"No, I shouldn't. But I thought you might just like to know that that lovely young girl was followed by a man—by two men—all the way from London, and one of them, I know definitely, is acting for a firm of private detectives. I think the other was working on his own."

"Are you being serious?"

"Never more serious in my life."

"How do you know this?"

"Well, I won't be indiscreet over the 'phone, but if her husband's initials are L.B.N., he has been waiting for a big sap like you for some time."

"You 'd better come down here right away."

"Not me, old boy. I 'm not risking any co-respondent cases just now. I 'm off to spend the week-end with Aunt Louise."

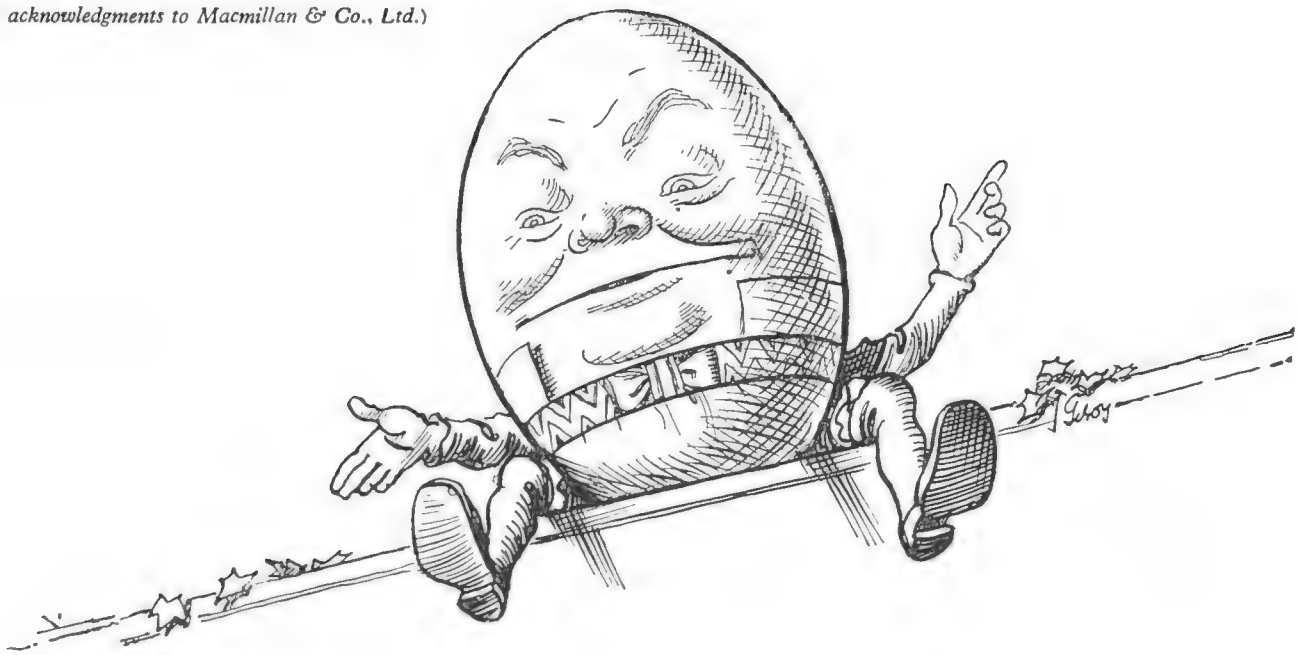
. . . .

"Carried on Southampton by mistake with you shortly," was the telegram Algy sent to his aunt.

There was a train back to Woking at 4.45.

THE END

(With acknowledgments to Macmillan & Co., Ltd.)



"UNMISTAKABILITY —that's what I say!"

(and you can't mistake the influence of Lewis Carroll)

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Well," said Humpty Dumpty, "some things are quite different from other things, and other things aren't. For instance, your face is the same as everybody has—two eyes, nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same."

"Yes," said Alice, doubtfully. "But what about heads and bodies?"

"Ah, that's different!" said Humpty Dumpty. "At least, some heads are. Take the creamy head of Guinness—there's unmistakability for you! And the body of Guinness, with its deep, rich colour and delightful taste—that's distinctive, too. You can't mistake Guinness for anything else, or anything else for Guinness. You know how Guinness is made?"

"Naturally," said Alice.

"Quite right," said Humpty Dumpty. "Guinness is naturally brewed and naturally matured. For 150 years Guinness have concentrated on doing one thing, and doing it well. And what's the result?"

"I'm afraid I don't know," said Alice.

"Why, Guinness, of course!" said Humpty Dumpty.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.434.D

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Autumn Allsorts: By A. G. Macdonell

Of all novelists plying their dastardly trade to-day—and I am told that at least 10,000 escape into print each year—I know of none who wields a more gracefully enchanted typewriter than Miss Anna Gordon Keown. Those of you who remember *Mr. Thompson in the Attic* will assuredly agree with me, for to read that book was automatically to love Mr. Thompson. Now comes her new one, *Mr. Theobald's Devil* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and it is even better still. There is nothing about it that I do not love, whether it be poor Mr. Theobald himself, with his slow mind and his simple modesty and his outrageous car-driving, or dear Miss Anne, or the gay, rascally Captain, or the descriptions of the village, or the appalling brilliance with which Miss Keown sketches in, point by point, the hideous, sadistic old gorgon, Miss Georgina, who had terrorised the village for so many years. Miss Georgina never appears in person, but the whole story hinges upon her terrific shadow and its gradual lifting. I could not help being sorry that the Captain turned out to be such a scamp in the end. He was so merry and so care-free, that for a long time I looked forward to an epic scene in which he was to confront and defeat the gorgon. But I suppose the other was the better way. *Mr. Theobald's Devil* is an adorable book.

Tunbridge

Anna Gordon Keown

The author of "Mr. Thompson in the Attic" has scored another success with "Mr. Theobald's Devil," published by Macmillan at 7s. 6d. Writing runs in her family, for her brother, Eric Keown, is on the editorial staff of "Punch," and also writes dramatic criticisms for that paper

Whenever a new book by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse appears, it is the normal custom among the Grub Street boys simply to reach across for the rubber stamp which says "funnier than ever," clap it on, and pass along to the next. It saves a lot of trouble, and it almost always is true. The latest, *The Luck of the Bodkins* (Jenkins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is no exception. From the moment when the R.M.S. Atlantic leaves Southampton for New York, the fun is not only fast, but furious as well. And, in addition to the well-known troupe of Wodehouse characters, whether under their old names or new ones, there is a quite admirable newcomer, Mr. Albert Peasemarch, cabin-steward. He is a sort of anti-Jeeves. If the two men ever met, they would cancel out. If ever there is a simple situation to be tangled up, or a simple instruction to be bungled, Mr. Peasemarch is the man to do it. Needless to say, Mr. Wodehouse's command of simile and metaphor is as astounding as ever, but on this occasion he makes much more use than usual of American slang. It is a very bold Englishman who uses American slang, for Americans will always tell you that we are never less than four years out of date, and seldom less than 75 per cent. wrong at that. So I cannot vouch for the correctness or up-to-dateness of Mr. Wodehouse, but I should imagine that in about a year the Americans will have caught him up and will be only about 50 per cent. wrong.

An unusual setting for a novel is to be found in *The Men of Kildonan* (Moray Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. John Herries McCulloch, for it describes the truly amazing epic of the Highlanders who were evicted from their glens in about 1835, by their own Chiefs, and who went to seek their fortunes in Canada. Mr. McCulloch's heroes landed on the coast of Hudson's Bay, and struggled their way south-east for a thousand miles, against Indians, French, financiers in Montreal, disease and hardship, and at last reached their Promised Land on the Red River. It is a simple tale of adventure, simply and straightforwardly told.

I am no hunting-man—indeed, I have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at the boys and girls in the red coats with their peculiar faces, their remarkable language, and their quantities of dogs—but, nevertheless, I do occasionally glance at a hunting-book, and *Yonder He Goes* (Collins; 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Ralph Greaves, seems to me to be an admirable specimen of its kind, and would make, I feel certain, a most acceptable Yule-tide gift from a boy in red to a girl in—well, whatever it is they wear. It is charmingly illustrated.

Almost magnificent book—magnificent in erudition, in charm, and in get-up—is Miss Enid Welsford's *The Fool* (Faber and Faber; 21*s.*). It is an enormous subject, for the origin of the professional clown is wrapped in far-off, B. C. clouds, and the history of him stretches from the early courts of the great days of Greece down to Grock and Robey and Chaplin. Miss Welsford traverses this vast period of buffoonery and humour and wit with astonishing lightness. She seems to know everything, but she is not overloaded with pedantry, and she glides from country to country and from age to age with ease and skill. I particularly liked her masterly description in a few pages of the great Till Eulenspiegel, and little Archy Armstrong, who came south with James I., and her chapter on Elizabethan fools. A ripe book, my masters, a mellow book.

Miss Angela Thirkell, that urbane novelist, has published a book of five children's stories, but whether she has composed them herself, or whether she has translated them from some other language, is more than I can make out. The wrapper is ambiguous. But never mind. The point is that they are delightfully well done, and delightfully well-illustrated by Ludwig Richter, in that dear old Germanic style that we all used to love in the days before madness struck the Germanic people. The title is *The Grateful Sparrow*, and the publisher is Hamish Hamilton (5*s.*). My one objection to it is that it contains sadness as well as gaiety. I suppose that that is the modern method—concealing nothing — facts of life—rough with the smooth—and so on — of bringing up children; but for my own part, I infinitely prefer reading stories aloud to children which will make them laugh rather than cry.

It is, I admit, a rather ungrateful proceeding to criticise a book which passed a very pleasant hour for me, but really there are one or two things in Mr. Henry Holt's *Unknown Terror* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) which rather annoyed me. We all know by this time that Bulldog Drummond, brave, charming, and muscular though he was, was not so hot when it came to brains, but he was an intellectual wizard in comparison with his obvious disciple, Mr. Donald Maclean. Mr. Maclean, in the course of his hunt for the deadly Mr. X, commits just about every blunder that is humanly possible. And surely, surely, we have got past the amateur who, although an intimate of the Assistant-Commissioner, refuses to disclose vital information to the Yard. However, as I say, I got lots of fun out of it all.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Something of perfection has been attained in this exquisite "La France" lingerie, which, made in English workrooms, is designed for Wolsey by a famous French artist. It is an apt illustration of the fact that, in these days of stream-lined clothes, an expert cut and perfect line can and should extend beyond mere externals in dress. Pure silk crêpe de Chine trimmed with écru lace and satin motifs is the material chosen, and as perfect fit is a primary object, both cami-knickers and nightgown are cut on the bias. Also obtainable from Wolsey are vest and pantie sets in wool or artificial silk and wool, with a lace design

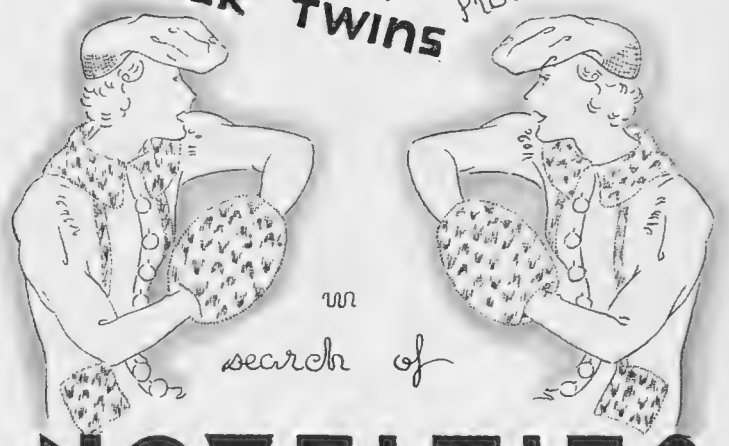
Tweeds, Plain And Fur-Trimmed, Designed For Country Wear

Simple and yet very distinctive is the ensemble on the left, designed and carried out by Studd and Millington, of Conduit Street and Chancery Lane. It is a study in oatmeal and brown, and the material is a rough herring-bone tweed. The skirt is plain and well-tailored, while the three-quarter-length coat, with extra large patch pockets, is lavishly trimmed with beaver, a flat-haired fur which is constantly confused with nutria. It is, however, a much heavier pelt, generally speaking dark brown in colour, though it sometimes varies from a blue-black to a very pale brown. Leather and velvet are also very effective for trimming or introducing a colour contrast, while autumnal tints in shades of green, rust, and red are exceptionally becoming

The travelling coat on the right is also designed by Studd and Millington. It is delightfully warm and practical for the time of year, with its storm collar and generous wrap-over. The material is pure wool, while the bold overcheck gives it an added chic. This firm make a feature of coats and suits in fine quality tweeds and suitings. There is a belted coat of "Camel," with breast and hip pockets, for five guineas, and another in light beige check back lamb's wool coating for seven and a-half guineas. In this the reverse side of the material is used for facing the collar and revers. Then, for town wear, there is a full-length black coat in "Knop" coating, with collar and revers of natural squirrel

THE BYSTANDER TWINS

Discovered by Peter;
Pictured by Pam.



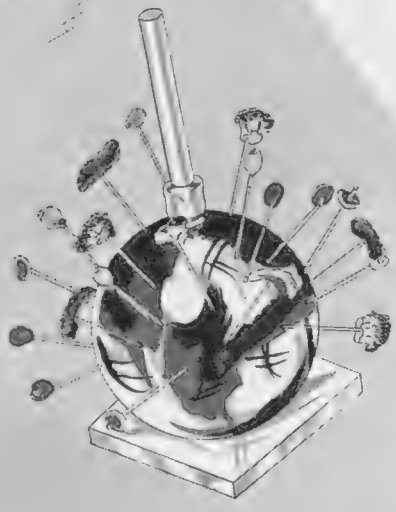
in search of

NOVELTIES

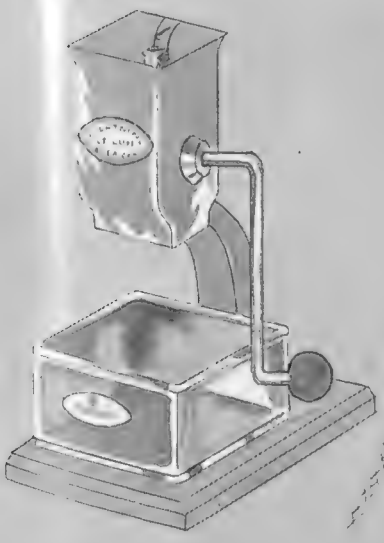
A horseshoe clock makes an ideal Christmas gift and brings good luck all the year round. This one is chromium plated and runs for eight days. It is an excellent timekeeper and costs four guineas at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly

Appropriate car mascots for the sportsman are to be seen at Swaine and Adeney. This one represents a fox, and is made of bronze. It is painted in life-like colours, and costs three guineas

Here is a "gift horse you can look in the mouth"! The bag is carried out in blue and silver brocade, enlivened by an unusual blue clasp. It only costs two guineas and may be seen at Fortnum and Mason. The horse is not for sale



The cocktail porcupine is a recent arrival in the gift department at Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. It is designed in chromium and glass, with brightly coloured sticks to hold delicacies such as sausages, olives, etc.



This lightning ice-cube breaker is another admirable gift. It is worked on the same principle as a mincing machine, and is invaluable for cocktails and cool drinks. At Fortnum and Mason it costs one guinea

Gloves have never been smarter than they are this season. Those pictured above are made of fine suède with loosely pleated gauntlets, while the ones on the right are designed for motoring. They are fur-backed with leather palms and costs21s.9d. at Gooch's, Knightsbridge

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

All Blacks Over the Border

Left: Kenneth C. Fyfe is the new captain of Cambridge; last season he was secretary. He is "of Oundle and Caius," and a Scottish Cap

Below: these two pairs of brothers, T. F. Huskisson and John Huskisson, W. D. Heck and Harry D. Heck, all play in the Old Merchant Taylors' XV., which must be a bit of a record. They 're all married and they 've all got sons

O. M. T. Brothers

The Cambridge Captain

NEXT Saturday the All Blacks meet Leicestershire and the East Midlands at Leicester. They may remember, with pardonable trepidation, that these counties lowered the colours of the mountainous Springboks in 1931. What a game that was—how fast, how unexpected, how thrilling! The score mounted rapidly—first one side, then the other in front. Great tries, tremendous work by the Counties' forwards, with George Beamish always in the van, sleeves rolled up, ferocity displacing his naturally amiable expression, and the whole Counties team pulling out a supreme effort. It was there that C. Slow so belied his name and played the game of his young life. Perhaps he will find inspiration again in the challenge of these New Zealanders.

UNLESS our visitors play better than they did against London Counties they will surely be beaten again before long. What happened to them that Saturday at Twickenham I cannot think. After their triumphs in Wales, we expected great things of them; but they had lost all their zest and fire. Maybe they need the prod of fierce opposition. More likely, I think, is the theory that they depend over-much on one or two outstanding players.

C. J. Oliver appears to be indispensable behind the scrummage. It is generally accepted that he is a great centre three-quarter, but far more disturbing, from the New Zealand point of view, is the fact that when J. L. Griffiths is not playing at five-eighths, their defence seems to go to pieces.

It was so against Swansea, when Tindill allowed young Willie Davies to go wandering through. It was so against the London Counties, when R. C. S. Dick, taking the injured Candler's place at stand-off half, found the gap again and again. It must not be so against Scotland, or New Zealand will certainly lose the match they most want to win. And they play Scotland, remember, on Saturday week, November 23rd. I dare say some of you will make the journey to Murrayfield for this historic match, though tickets are scarce as mayflies in November. Possibly we shall rub shoulders on the platform at Euston as we go to find our sleepers in the night train. And it 's just on the cards that Scotland will be the second country—Wales was the first in 1905—to beat New Zealand in an International match over here.

I put Scotland's chances as low as that simply because these All Blacks are incalculable fellows. When we expect them to do well they are apt to play in their sleep. When we expect them to be pressed hard, as we did at Llanelly, Cardiff, and Newport, they romp home.

I TAKE it that Oliver, and probably Griffiths, will be playing against Scotland, which automatically strengthens the New Zealand mid-field defence. They will need mid-field strength, too, with R. W. Shaw glancing at them there, and Scotland have some likely centres as well. Whether they will play W. C. Murdoch I don't know, and H. Lind is another doubtful starter, but they have R. C. S. Dick also, and M. C. Lucas, who is in such fine form for the London Scottish just now. Anyway, Shaw has already proved his worth against New Zealand, and so has Dick.

There are wings in plenty, but the crux of the matter is in the forwards. Many sound judges favour the choice of a predominantly Border pack, and there is no gainsaying the fact that the Border forwards played magnificently at Hawick. I doubt, though, whether the Scottish selectors will go as far in this direction as popular opinion suggests. Four Bordermen will be chosen, perhaps, but probably no more.

Whether the Selectors will play L. B. Lambie as blind-side back-row man or hooker remains to be seen. He hooks for his club, and it seems unwise and unnecessary to play him out of position, even with such useful hookers as G. S. Cottington and P. W. Tait available. Then I hear tell of a fine, rugged, hard-working Border forward, R. Cowe, of Melrose, who might well go into the front row. At Hawick he packed down with J. Beattie, and an excellent second row this strong pair made. Beattie, incidentally, impressed the All Blacks as out and away the best forward they had met, and I am inclined to think that he is still probably the best all-round forward in the four countries.

Then Scotland have such tough and excellent scrummagers as R. M. Grieve, W. A. Burnet, with J. A. Waters to take the middle of the back row, and D. P. Gordon, of the London Scottish, as a front-row candidate, and D. A. Thom as a most useful marauder.

Whatever the final composition of this Scottish pack may be, let us hope it is founded upon scrummaging. The Scottish backs must have their chances, and if they do, the All Blacks will be hard put to it to keep them out.

MIND you, after watching the All Blacks in Wales, I am not so sure that the international packs will have an easy passage against them. At Llanelly, Cardiff, and Newport the New Zealand forwards were tremendous in the loose. Their big men—Mahoney, McKenzie, Manchester, and King—are extremely fast; Reid has all the makings of a great player: Hadley, gradually getting fit after his long enforced rest, looks like turning out to be the best of them all.

This powerful pack will give the Scotsmen no quarter in the loose rushes, and their line-out work has improved immeasurably. What is more, they are shoving now, though I think the Scottish forwards should be strong and knowledgeable enough to buckle up that 3—4—1 scrummaging formation.

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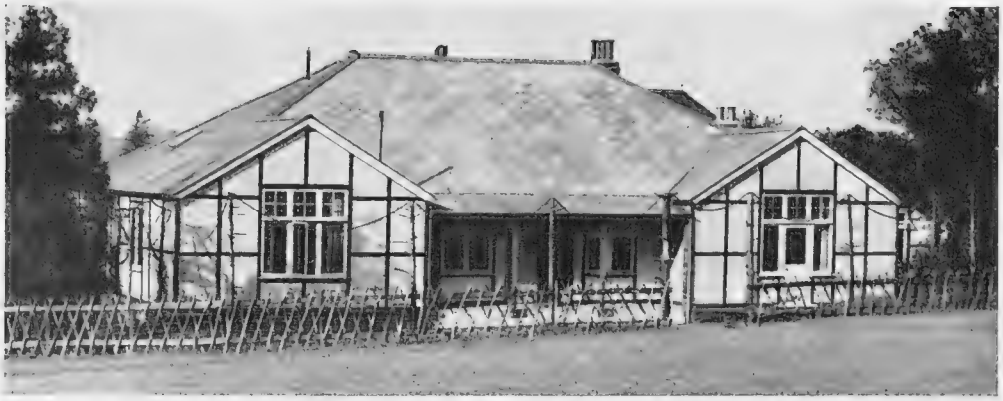
East Herts Golf Club, Ware



A View of the Club-house

(1) Major R. P. Woodhouse (chairman), Stephen Chapman (captain), and F. T. Barker (hon. secretary). (2) W. S. Ward (vice-president) and J. Shand. (3) C. B. Wood and Lieut.-Colonel T. H. Walker. (4) W. Thries, Dr. A. P. Ford, Dr. C. H. Medlock and Dr. F. Kipling (committee-man). (5) H. T. S. Radford and H. Mannall-Eastwood. (6) S. A. Taylor, A. J. Jenkins, E. H. Hollick and H. Garratt (president). (7) S. Purkiss-Ginn and J. Braund (professional). (8) E. Wickham and R. C. Fortt

Women's Golf:

At Wentworth and Burhill

By Eleanor E. Helme

The West Hill team which won the "Star" Ladies' Inter-Club Scratch Tournament at Wentworth, beating the Lady Golfers' Club by 3 matches to 2. The team comprised Mrs. Nielson, Miss A. Ramsden, Mrs. R. L. Kennedy, Miss B. Norris, Mrs. T. Bell, and Mrs. Satchell

Miss Molly Gourlay, last year's winner, who won the 18-holes scratch competition with a score of 74. With her is Miss Joy Winn

Miss Bridget Newell, J.P., who won the Challenge Cup with a score of 152, and Mrs. Anne Carbutt on their way to the twelfth green at Burhill

"Golf Illustrated" Women's Challenge Cup

DEAR BYSTANDER,

CHRONOLOGICALLY, it should come second, but in spite of that I must first comment on West Hill's amazing performance in winning the *Star* finals. That club had seemed to have done wonders enough even by arriving in them, for Mrs. Crombie's illness, had weakened them at the critical moment, and, to be frank, the whole team lacked outstanding players. To win, and win against the all-powerful Lady Golfers' Club, was a triumph for team spirit and never-know-when-you 're-beaten-ness which everybody at Wentworth combined to praise as I have seldom heard any team praised before. In fact, at the end I felt quite sorry for the Lady Golfers, though I had started the day by feeling, as most others did, that, as a team, they had no business to be allowed to play in this inter-golf-club tournament. It was not that anybody felt any individual animosity to them; it was just a matter of principle. Space doesn't allow of discussing the rights and wrongs just now; that must be done later in the year.

WEST HILL have always been a grand team, filled to the brim with esprit de corps, and I do verily believe that it is that which made them rise to this occasion so splendidly. They had five times been runners-up: Mrs. Neilson, as captain, had good reason to be extraordinarily proud of her five for winning at last. In the morning they won by the odd match from Royal Wimbledon, the most curious match being the top one, in which Miss Ramsden lost the first five holes to Miss McLintock, was one up by the 14th, had dormy one against her, got it back, and then lost at the 19th. As they came back from that remote point, Miss Enid Wilson and Mrs. Douglas Fish went to it. There, too, the player who had been up, and then had dormy against her won, and that player was Miss Wilson, though Mrs. Fish had a great chance of beating her. Still, Miss Wilson did play a superb second to the 18th, not half-a-dozen yards from it, which was almost sufficient reason for her winning. She was top for the Lady Golfers, and they won by 4 to 1 from Woking, whereupon the world said of course it was a foregone conclusion that they would devour West Hill—even dared to put the adjective "poor" in front of them. Not a bit of it. Miss Ramsden, up against Miss Wilson, produced golf of a quality to match the best that she had played at Worplesdon. It sounds almost unbelievable, but actually Miss Wilson only won one hole of that match, and lost five in a row, to be beaten 6 and 4. Of course, that is too bad to be true; Miss Wilson is a really great player, many rungs above Miss Ramsden on the ladder, but it is all for the good of the game if now and again an aspiring youngster pulls the established golfer down, however much one likes to see the best upholding their position. It goes without saying that Miss Wilson was below form; if Miss Ramsden was above it, then what she must do is to stay there, where she has temporarily climbed.

SIX and four was a great win, and though Miss Garnham and Miss Cradock-Hartopp then put the L.G.C. ahead, both playing as if the wind and the rain were non-existent, Mrs. Turner Bell equalised for West Hill, and Mrs. Satchell, Miss Ramsden's sister, trembled home on the last green from the South African golfer, Mrs. Field. Cheers fairly rent the air when Lady Headfort handed over the shield to Mrs. Neilson, and presented the lovely prizes to her team.

WE had been at Wentworth the day before, to see Miss Diana Fishwick's team beat Oxford by 12½ to 8½, and some rare good golf there was. Oxford hit the ball immense distances, and were round in cruel figures, but they were giving six strokes in every match, singles or foursomes, and the weight was just too much for them, though Tony Duncan—son of that oft-times Welsh Champion, Mrs. John Duncan—and H. G. de Quincey achieved a fine halved match with Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Hartopp, in spite of the latter putting in her best Worplesdon manner. In the singles, Miss Wilson got home on the last green from Duncan, with an exact forerunner of her second there against Mrs. Fish. Miss Fishwick herself played good golf, to beat Greenly 4 and 2, though her figures may not have been quite so brilliant as the 73 there which won her the scratch in the Wentworth autumn meeting a few days earlier. A very cheery day, and Miss Rabbidge at the piano contributed no small part of it.

"GOLF ILLUSTRATED" CUP, thirty-six holes medal at Burhill, sounds a strenuous test; when the day for it began in deluges of rain and violent wind, some must surely have wished it were only eighteen. But by afternoon, wind and rain had gone, and if everyone was tired, they were all cheery, and the scoring good enough to frighten Burhill members into wondering whether their 76 par would not be reduced. Miss Gourlay, you see, had made havoc of it in the morning with 74, in spite of twice taking three putts. In that round she looked absolutely set, playing with a crisp, quick confidence which most golfers only manage to feel in a friendly medal round. Miss Newell was next at lunch time, with 76.

In the afternoon, Miss Gourlay, who in the morning could do nothing wrong, could do little really right, and took 80; Miss Newell repeated her 76; that was equalled by Mrs. Clarke, who had a disaster at the last hole after a good drive; Miss Pockett came in with 79. So Miss Newell had the scratch aggregate trophy, the raison d'être of the meeting; Miss Gourlay the best eighteen scratch; Miss Jean Hamilton the 36-hole handicap with 157 net; and Miss Pockett the 18-hole handicap with 75 net.

A very interesting day's golf, and if one might wish for an earlier date, it is a great tribute to the event's popularity that so many of the good people turned out.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Personalities in the Air

By Charles Ward

Swaebe

Well-known explorers leave Croydon by air-liner for North Africa. From left to right, Lady Broughton, Viscount Elveden and Lord Moyne. Both Sabena and Air France operate services across the Sahara to West Africa and the Congo

After the Wedding—Lord William Scott, brother of the Duchess of Gloucester and the Conservative candidate for Roxburgh and Selkirk, flew back to renew the fight after his sister's wedding. He is seen at Heston, about to emplane in a Leopard Moth

"Gull" Designer as Top Navigator

CAPTAIN EDGAR PERCIVAL, designer of the "Gull" series of high-speed aircraft, has been awarded the Johnston Memorial Trophy for 1935-36. This prize was founded by subscription in memory of the late Sq.-Ldr. E. H. Johnston, who was navigator of the R.101, and first Deputy Master of the Guild of Air Pilots. "Johnny" was one of the first navigators of the air in the strictly scientific sense. He appreciated that flying would become eventually an exact science. Aircraft would be operated from place to place, irrespective of weather, by night as well as by day. The basis for the award of the Memorial Trophy is the best feat of navigation by a British civil pilot during the year. Captain Percival, who is a brilliant pilot as well as a designer, flew one of his own "Gulls" to Africa and back in a day. His exact times are interesting to recall. He left Gravesend at 1.30 a.m., landed at Oran at 8.40 a.m. to consume a well-earned breakfast and transact some business, arriving home again at Croydon by 6.30 the same evening—which, being interpreted means 2300 miles in an elapsed time of 17 hours and an actual flying time of 14½ hours. Navigation is stressed, rather than a purely spectacular flight, when making the award. One other flight during the past year challenges comparison with Captain Percival's feat—the Mollisons' journey from Mildenhall to Baghdad in 12 hours during the race for the MacRobertson Trophy. This, of course, was a dual effort, whereas the Trophy is awarded for a solo flight. Previous holders have been F. C. Chichester in 1931, for his flight by Moth seaplane from New Zealand to Australia, the late Sq.-Ldr. "Bert" Hinckler in 1932, for his journey across the South Atlantic from Brazil to Sierra Leone, and Mr. J. A. Mollison in 1933, for his flight from Ireland to North America.

Flying for Business

WHEN competition is keen, trade comes to the man who is quickest off or on the mark. Many business houses have been compelled to send their representatives by air, because the other fellow uses the airway and would gain an advantage by being on the spot first. The number of firms which use their own aircraft is still limited, but amongst that number are the petrol and oil companies who, quite naturally, look to aviation as a future source of big business and have supported the Industry on a lavish scale during its infancy. I am reminded of this fact by writing about the "Gull." The Asiatic Petroleum Company has one "Gull" based in Egypt, and at present in use on a survey flight across the south of the Sahara. Another "Gull" has been bought for long-distance tours from home, its principal advantage being, of course, speed. A genuine cruising speed of more than 150 miles an hour is worth a lot of money. Shell-Mex and B.P., which is the British end of the Asiatic, has a Hawk Major, and is selling its Leopard for a Hornet Moth. One of the latter type is also in use by the Asiatic in East Africa.

Tales from the Tarmac

RECORD flights are no longer what they were—there's no money in the business of getting there sooner than the other fellow. Round the world without a stop, re-fuelling in the air en route, is about the only stunt that will attract attention. No one except Sir Alan Cobham and Wing Commander Helmore has tried to take in supplies whilst engaged on a journey, as opposed to flying round and round an aerodrome. Their adventure was unlucky to fail for so small a displacement as a split-pin. The odds against such an occurrence are enormous; for millions of miles are flown every year without incident or accident. As I write, Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith is racing to Australia in his American monoplane, with a very faint chance of beating the record set up by Scott and Black. Mr. C. J. Melrose and Mr. H. F. Broadbent are also flying to Australia, but by easy stages and each in a Percival "Gull." Flying Officer Llewellyn and Mrs. Jill Wyndham are on their way home from South Africa, flying a Hendy "Heck," which is one of our fastest low-wing monoplanes, and now being built in quantity by Parnall's.

In the Air at Home

BRITISH Airways, the combine recently formed to gather under one management some five independently operated air lines, has received its first air-mail contract for a service between Liverpool and the Isle of Man. Two of the members of the group brought mail contracts with them: Hillman's for London to Glasgow via Belfast, and Highland Airways for Inverness to Kirkwall. The new service will be flown with tri-motored Spartans of the latest design and an average mail load of 400 lb. per journey is expected. Air mails to the Channel Islands await all-weather aerodromes instead of the beach, and many cross-country routes are held up during the winter because there is no lighting at important aerodromes and neither route beacons nor wireless for guidance in between stops. There are still plenty of people who consider private flying as confined to circuits and landings, with an occasional dart over to a neighbouring aerodrome or, greatly daring, a flight to Paris or Le Touquet. That long-distance touring by air is not reserved for professional pilots has been proved many times, and quite often over little-known routes. Mr. Harold Farquhar, who is First Secretary at the British Legation in Mexico City, has just arrived home on leave, having flown across Siberia and Central Europe. His 'plane is an American "Beechcraft," similar to that which Mrs. "Jim" Mollison flies occasionally.

The Farm in Berkeley Square.

Down on "The Farm" at Lansdowne Restaurant: where your surroundings are rustic, but the cuisine just the opposite: and where Whitbread's Pale Ale is refreshingly appropriate—clear, cool and delicious.

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BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Cabaret Quartet at the May Fair

The two on the left are the Western Brothers ("After All That") ; the top one is Rudi Grasl making his trumpet face, and the big blonde gent below him is Bryan Michie, who compères the show

May Fair

THE May Fair is very young, gay, and unblasé in its Jardin Fleuri dress, and obviously the very place for parties to celebrate comings-out, twenty-first birthdays, or weddings. The dull pastel green and pink room is attractive, and the "fleuri" effect is well done with large vases of flood-lit flowers.

Harry Roy and his band are back again, playing as well as ever, though he might give a few more slow-time tunes. He 's got such terrific vitality that maybe he doesn't like languid music.

Rudi Grasl gives one of the best cabaret turns in London, making noises like a saxophone, mandoline, trumpet, and some more—and "Nothing in my mouth but my tongue and my two teeth," as he says in his nice Viennese English. His sense of humour is excellent, just as good as his mock-instruments, which are incredibly good. Beate Bradna, an acrobatic dancer, is new this week, and so is Senator Murphy, a political humorist whose jokes will go topically with the Election night gala. Bryan Michie still compères, but the rest of the programme changes every two weeks. The May Fair late night, by the way, is now Friday and not Thursday ; a very sensible change, since Friday is the only under-extensioned evening in the week.

There 's also the Viking, the local snack-bar, for other times of day, full of Danish lager, schnappes, "smorrebrod" (sandwiches, yes ?), and other Scandinaviana. Cheap it is, too.

San Marco

JUST round the corner is the San Marco's striped awning variegating the pillars on Devonshire House's reverse side. Here you can bring yourself in any kind of mood and find a sympathetic relevance. If you 're tired or sad, sit on a sofa in the ante-restaurant, where the non-changers are put, and listen to Mantovani playing his violin until you 're sad enough to go home or strong enough to be cheered by other people feeling cheerful. If you 're party-ish, put your best dress or cuff-links on and go right inside. Mantovani is very apt for Venetian wistfulness, but he also plays jazz so that one's fluid opinion about bands crystallises for the moment into a certainty that here 's the best.

It 's a relief sometimes not to have a cabaret—and there 's none here. It 's also a feminine relief to find oneself under a properly becoming light. The room is beautifully lit ; by day it 's full of sunlight reflected off green canal waters through Venetian blinds, and by night it 's a little more glowing but *not* pink : the worst light of all for women's make-up.

Umbert Possenti

Of the San Marco ; he has a piercing eye, but a grand smile of welcome

Cabaret Trio at the Ritz

Edward Cooper sits at the piano and sings amusing nonsense to his own accompaniment; Nora Williams' repertoire always includes "Piccolo Joe," which shows off her whistling talent; Charlie the compère makes his audience sing Viennese choruses

And who comes? Silly question: it's been answered a hundred times, and anyway, everybody does. (A lot of them because they like the food so much.)

The Ritz

GREAT fun the Ritz was on Royal Wedding night, packed to the doors, and the room was full of good-looking women. A lot of them arrived from the *Moscow Nights* première, and later still there were more arrivals from the various private parties for which the wedding was an excuse.

Rudi Grasl was performing here too, and being just as much of a success. He matches the Austrianism of the "café chantant," of which Charlie remains the incomparable compère. It looks as if the indefatigable one had found a life-home at the Ritz; the place just wouldn't be itself without his delightful personality.

Nora Williams, the whistling contralto (one nearly says "baritone," her voice is so deep) is back in London. Someone suggested she should include a take-off of Mae West in her repertoire. So you should, Miss Williams. Then there's Edward Cooper, who borrows caddishness from the Western Brothers and something from Douglas Byng, and adds his own brand of humour, interpolations and impromptus: the one dedicated to "Equity" was a grand little joke.

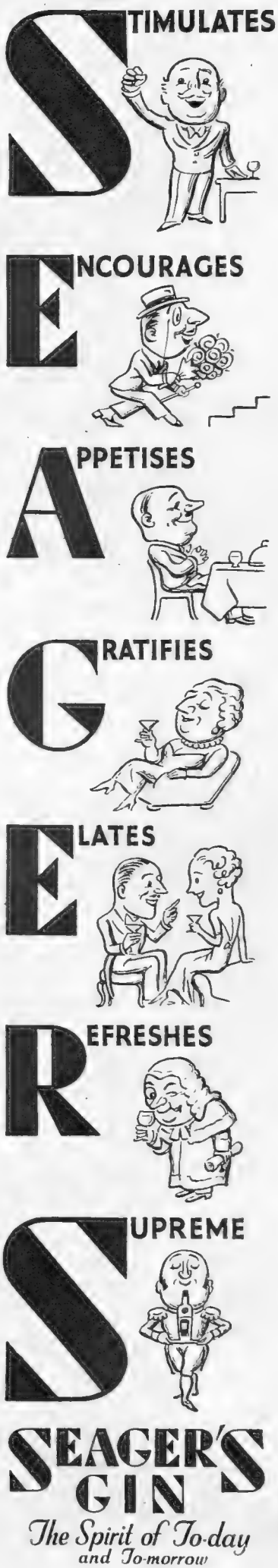
The magnolia-trees have suddenly taken to looking Christmassy and cosy; so clever of them when they used to be just as suitably cool and languid in the summer. The Ritz décor is quite its own, and no one ought ever to change it.

Grosvenor House

TO-NIGHT Grosvenor House changes nationality from Austrian to French, and the French is high Parisian—in fact, Folies Bergère. The new show is called *Un Peu de Paris*, sponsored by Jacques-Charles, the French revue producer, and consists of extracts from the *Folies Bergère* revue, which went to New York for two months and stayed two years.

Gala Nights at Grosvenor House

To-night the new Paris-New York show starts its season—so that's a gala. To-morrow night Election results come in—and that's another good excuse for a party. "Un Peu de Paris" brings, so they say, the Folies-Bergère atmosphere to London



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EXTENSION NIGHT.

HARRY ROY AND HIS BAND

Managing Director Francis Towle

RESULTS AS RECEIVED WILL BE BROADCAST IN BOTH THESE RESTAURANTS

Tables may now be reserved

The crème de la crème, apart from the lovely chorus and the Sparks Ballet girls in Bergère-esque dresses, is said to be Flora Duane in a Bat Dance. This apparently outdoes that Fan Dance which was such a stir in one of the shows here last year. It 's the first time Miss Duane has startled a European audience. Falls, Reading and Boyce are a comic trio, and there are various dancers, and a singer called Maria Markus to make up the programme.

This floor show will seem terrifically sophisticated after the Tyrolean charmers, who, incidentally, were a great success and would have stayed longer if *Un Peu de Paris* hadn't had to be seized for the five weeks' visit allowed by Paramount, Paris.

Besides the opening to-night, there 's an Election gala to-morrow night, with results broadcast as they come in.

The Six O'Clock at Prunier's

The answer to "What 'll you have?" between 5.30 and 6.30 at Prunier's includes several more amusing etceteras than olives or nuts, but each assiette or plateau is a well-calculated friend of the drink it matches

Prunier's

It 's quite easy to come here and be orthodox—eat sole or turbot or lobster Americaine, and steak or grouse or chicken : nobody will mind. And, incidentally, the entrecôte minute has turned itself into one of the specialities, quite off its own bat. But actually it 's far more fun to be a little adventurous. Throw yourself on the mercy of the house and eat the poisson du jour du chef and see if you recognise some old friend like cod or skate or halibut as the chef turns it out. You 'll be surprised, and go straight home and ask the cook why she doesn't do the same. How many cooks aren't learning to flinch when they hear the word "Prunier's"? Then try "pieds de mouton poulette" (it has a creamy sauce and mushrooms). This is a personal recommendation, and it 's *very* good for your digestion, too. Or a tournedos beurre d'Anchois, or a filet Boston, which is steak plus oysters, or rable de lièvre, which is plus purée de marrons, or partridge cooked with cabbage. These are all real Prunier dishes, and should

at least be tried once. The game is all particularly good—woodcock, grouse, wild duck, even the hackneyed pheasant is a bit extra here.

That 's enough about food. The final word is about the dégustation hour from 5.30 to 6.30. Most people have discovered this in the month it's been going, but, for the benefit of the ignorant, one can entertain for the large sum of 3s. 6d., and the drinks and accompanying dishes are all pleasantly out of the ordinary.

The Dorchester

To go back to supper-time news, " Les Girls " are still here, scintillating away and collecting each one each night a new admirer or two. They *are* being a success this visit. Diana Ward still croons, too, and not less persuasively for spending the earlier part of her evenings singing Cole Porter and making trouble for Jack Whiting in *Anything Goes*. And doesn't she know how to dress!

The Carlton

The Carlton ought to make itself into the star restaurant for dancing: the proportions of the room, its airiness, and the fact that even on the fullest nights there can be enough dance floor left for everyone—all that leads to the same idea. Maurice Winnick's band is there now. He has excellent rhythm and variety; also an attractive girl crooner whose name is Judy Shirley. With a small alternative orchestra—say a coloured one, like some of these night-clubs have—the dance music alone would fill the room (with people, not noise).

" Vic Oliver's party "—i.e., the cabaret compèred by that American comedian—changes every week or two, and always includes something to see and something to listen to. Then every now and then there 's a special gala to which all the stars of a show are invited. There was a *Stop . . . Go!* one the other day, to which the Vaudeville company came in force.

The Tom-Titt lamps are amusing everyone, with their caricatures of Carlton habituées, sometimes kind, generally wittily uncomplimentary. The Carlton 's rather political tradition will make it one of the best places to hear election-night results. There 's a gala which will go with a grand swing as long as there 's a Conservative majority piling up.

" Vic Oliver's Party " at the Carlton

The Victorian-looking glee-singers are the Aspidistras, and they have been in the Carlton cabaret lately. Vic Oliver (on the right) is the compère and wise-cracker; he also plays the piano and sometimes the violin

CABARET INTIME . . . EVERY NIGHT

COME TO VIC OLIVER'S PARTY to meet FAMOUS CABARET STARS from home and abroad. Dancing to MAURICE WINNICK and his Band. Extension—Tuesday.

The Carlton

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MANAGING DIRECTOR GORDON W HALSEY

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The Liqueur of Old Romance

Was brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. The recipe was given to a Mackinnon of Skye, and the secret has ever since remained in one family. Originally obtainable only in Skye, it can now be procured at home and abroad from all first-class establishments.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

The perfect Cocktail contains Drambuie.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.,
8, Union Street - - - - - EDINBURGH.

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant
Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

THE rebuilding of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel is now completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant, Café, Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely modernised, with large and small suites of rooms and every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Foyer, Café and Grill in Clarges Street are famous throughout Europe for their Cuisine and Wines; and specialise in Oysters, Lobsters, and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6 o'clock. Good car parking in Clarges Street. S. HARWATH.

Telephone: GROSVENOR 2964. Telegrams: CLARGHOTEL, AUDLEY, LONDON.

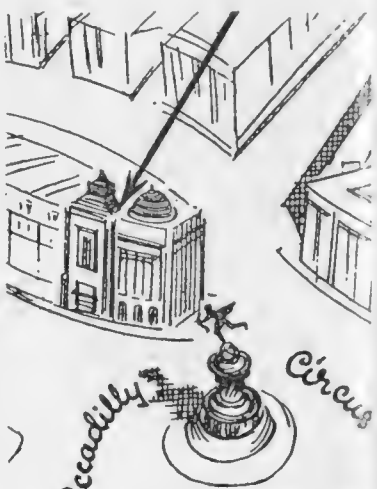
Right: Fernandez books a table for one of his guests. By now everyone who knew him "downstairs at Quaglino's" has discovered that he's the manager of the Lansdowne (no one's ever sure whether it's "Lansdowne House" or just "the Lansdowne")

Fernandez of the Lansdowne Restaurant

Lansdowne Restaurant

LONDON 's got everything. It 's even got an early-night restaurant, and that 's not so ordinary. Everyone gets to the top of their form between eight-ish and twelve-ish here. instead of waiting till a bottle-party in the small hours. It really is something to know—that one can come in for or after cocktails, have a fairly early dinner in a room that 's not half-empty, be thoroughly well amused, and go home at a healthy, virtuous midnight. A good deal of the amusement is thanks to Brian Lawrence and his band. He is quite excellent to dance to, and provides a sort of cabaret turn with a rather impudent and very long rumba, with words that start about Mussolini and Abyssinia and go on about anything and anyone, half the time about people in the room, and invariably ending "I don't know why!"

Everyone dances a lot on this floor, so it 's as well the room is cool—which it is—and miraculously unsmoky. This in spite of being below ground-level. To-morrow night there 's a special extension night, here as everywhere else, for the Election results. Noteworthy because late nights are not part of the normal weekly programme.



ODDENINO'S

The Restaurant
is world renowned and has for many years been the rendezvous of real gourmets.

Its exquisite cuisine and fine cellar are well known to be supreme.

Table d'hôte or à la carte.

Bon Viveur

ANY number of members use the Bon Viveur for lunch nowadays; between one and two-thirty is as much of a peak hour as the evening has always been, and late-comers need to think of booking a table. The smallness of the restaurant is half its charm, and at least half the reason for the food's particular excellence. Only the plats du jour can be cooked and ready; every other dish that's ordered is done specially, and so has that "spontaneity" which is sometimes missing from the output of a mass-production kitchen.

The Bon Viveur

It looks outdoor, but that's part of the Bon Viveur's charming illusion. The black cat on the roof, the kiosk, the signpost are all part of the same trifling with reality

The new view of the Mediterranean coast by Dezard is a success and gives a nice illusion of spaciousness and fresh sea air. The other innovation—the cigar-cabinet—is also most popular. Prices are wholesale, and members keep their boxes there for themselves and their guests.

It's funny how Americans never miss the Bon Viveur. Quite right of them, of course, but how do they all come to be so discriminating about a little place so cunningly tucked away in Mayfair? Well, they always do know more about any town than the natives, and they have friends who know the rest. Anyway, all the visiting celebrities seem to get themselves to Chapel Street at one time or another, including those typical favourites, the Yacht Club Boys, who, being Neapolitan-American, like eating ravioli and other home-town dishes.

New Clarges Restaurant

A LIMP, sad, exhausted creature crept into this restaurant for dinner last week. An hour or so passed, and there emerged into Clarges Street (known locally as the handiest car-park in Mayfair) another being, mellow, beaming, and ten years younger. This glorious and grateful rejuvenation was just the result of food and drink. Yes, but what food and drink . . . The dinner was entirely suggested by Binaco, who has the blessed flair of knowing what his "patient"

Mr. Harwath Outside the New Clarges

The proprietor of the New Clarges Hotel and Restaurant waiting to receive some of his Royal guests. The hotel entrance is in Half Moon Street; the restaurant faces on Clarges Street

LANSDOWNE RESTAURANT

Berkeley Square, W.1

Come in by the Turret Entrance

Dancing to **BRIAN LAWRENCE** and his Band

Here is a corner of the Restaurant.

LUNCHEONS 5/6

DINNERS 8/6

or à la carte.

Adjoining the Restaurant is the "FARM," where we specialize in Snacks at the Bar, Quick Luncheons and Theatre Dinners.

MAYFAIR 1657 — Open on Sundays — Under management of **FERNANDEZ**

OYSTER-BED-TIME STORY

Even the dull-witted oyster, who can't tell a pearl from a pain in the neck, must feel honoured to be consumed at Prunier's. Whether he be whisked away in a hurry with a glass of princely Anjou during the DEGUSTATION HOUR (5.30 to 6.30) or loitered over lovingly in company with other exquisite dishes and rare wines, he is assured of a noble end among the most exclusive people.

OYSTERS SHELLFISH LOBSTERS — PRUNIER — AND ALL KINDS OF FISH AND CAVIARE

RESTAURANT

72, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON

(Telephone: REGENT 1373/1374)

le bon viveur

shepherd market, mayfair

direction v. davico

la cuisine par excellence

needs, and the wine was a superb bottle of Clos Vougeot, served by a young wine waiter whose job is obviously his vocation. It really was a wine to remember, and hardly a secret to be given away, but, there . . .

Item: to eat game here also, particu larly canard à la presse, and the famous faisan au champagne.

Again that 's enough about eating and drinking. This time the switch is to the hotel, which has been full of visiting royalties. It runs right through from Clarges Street to Half Moon Street, where the official hotel entrance is. One reason why people come back and back to it is the service, which is not only good but friendly, just the way it is in the restaurant.

All the Greek royal family, including the restored King George himself, are frequent visitors here. But then, in its quiet way, who doesn't this place boast in its visitors' book?

Oddenino's

THE Brasserie at Oddenino's goes very well after a concert, ballet, or the more intelligent kind of cinema. It 's a grand conversational setting, with beer on the table and some Continental dish or other on order—French, German, Austrian, Italian, English, Alsatian, what you will, and all authentic.

Every table could tell a good story, too: the room positively fumes with anecdote, from the wild old Edwardian days onward. Marconi knows most of them, and how to tell them. Ask him the one about how the late proprietor (Oddenino himself) ordered choux à la crème for twenty, meaning cream puffs, and got cauliflower, and what he did with the cauliflower, and the twenty plates. Marconi, by the way, is the Brasserie's Neapolitan manager, and has been there thirty years, so he must know all the history.

Emile Biry of Oddenino's

The genial Castlerossian general manager of Oddenino's was destined by his family for the Church. He decided otherwise, and truly he 'd have been a born restaurateur lost to the world

The other man who is full of good stories is Emile Biry, head man of the whole place. He so exactly suits Oddenino's that it 's almost a shock to remember he has only been here since 1933. Every day he does all the buying for the hotel, restaurant, brasserie himself, from turkeys to butter—the secret of a well-run establishment.

In the restaurant there 's a good band, and always an amusing cabaret, changed every week, and always scores and scores of people, lunch, dinner, and supper.

P.S.—A postscript about coffee is relevant. One by no means always gets the coffee one wants at restaurants, though even Americans admit we 're improving in that respect. But at home it 's not Hobson's choice, and that 's why it 's worth mentioning Blue Danube coffee, one of the few Viennese blends that have found their way here. It 's the fruit seasoning—an old Turkish secret—that gives Viennese coffee its special flavour—strong, but never bitter. It also makes it much more easily digested, which is something for people who adore coffee and have been told not to drink too much of it.

E. L.

THIS WILL SET LONDON TALKING!

"UN PEU DE PARIS"

THE NEW SUPPER-TIME SHOW AT

GROSVENOR HOUSE

PARK LANE

ON WEDNESDAY NOV. 13

INCLUDING

The Astonishing Bat Dance for the first time in Europe

The show's AUDACITY, WIT and BEAUTY have never been attempted in a Restaurant before.

To be presented by Felix Ferry. For five weeks only. A Jacques-Charles production.

The Grosvenor House Dance Band under the direction of Sydney Lipton.

ELECTION NIGHT GALA

Results of the election as reported until the early hours.

GROSVENOR 6363

THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1935-36

1935	
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas.
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS.
1936	
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 26	Monte Carlo Opera—Season opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

Travel Arrangements

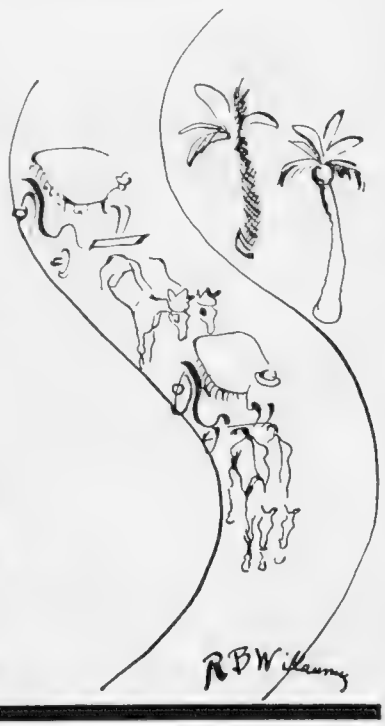
TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons Ltd., and all travel agencies.



Monte Carlo

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COTY Gift

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LE NOUVEAU
GARDENIA
For every woman who loves flower perfumes for smart occasions.

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Other sizes 3/9 6/- 10/- etc.

L'AIMANT
"Perfume of Magnetism." An intriguing fragrance for the woman of modern tendencies and taste.

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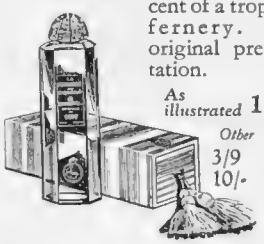

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A SUMA
"The latest." An exciting, exotic, oriental fragrance enshrined in "lacquer" casket.

As illustrated 21/-
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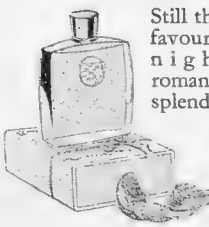
L'ORIGAN
Still the greatest favourite for nights of romance and splendour.



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CHYPRE
For the emotional temperament, with dark eyes and hair—alive and sparkling.

As illustrated 18/6
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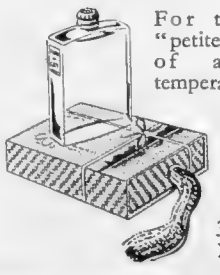
PARIS
For the gay "petite" type of artistic temperament.



As illustrated 18/6
Other sizes 3/9 6/- 10/- etc.

C.F.H. 69

The 3½-litre Bentley owned by Mr. Jack Barclay on a picturesque road near Abbotsbury. It is a car capable of exceptional power of acceleration

After the Show—What to Buy?

By The Earl of Cardigan

Of the many thousands who visited the Motor Show last month, the great majority must now be wondering just how to assess what they saw there. Which was the outstanding car? What firm was offering the greatest value for money? Was it the small cars or the big ones which showed the most progress? All these questions, of course, merely lead up to another and more definite question—what is the best car to buy for 1936?

Since the Show's opening day, this "poser" must have been put to me many dozens of times. The idea is that, knowing something about cars in general, I must be a likely person from whom to obtain an intelligent answer. Actually, however, the very fact of knowing something concerning nearly all the different makes, with their varying qualities and prices, renders it more than ever difficult to advise the would-be purchaser. Putting all prejudice on one side, I firmly believe that to-day there are no *bad* cars on the market. Competition is too fierce, and the motoring public too shrewd, for any "dud" product to have a chance of existing for more than a very brief period.

Any car, therefore, which is now solidly established is, prima facie, at least a reasonably sound proposition. It may be attractive or unattractive to one's individual notions; but it is bound to be serviceable, efficient, and fairly worth the price that is asked for it.

Thus, when one hears a man say, "That new X—— car is quite in a class by itself!" or "I wouldn't give twopence for any of the new Y—— models!" one may generally take it that his strong opinions are based on some form of prejudice. In other words, what he likes so much about the X—— is not merely its performance, but rather the particular way in which that performance is achieved. Similarly, his objection to the Y—— car is not really due to the latter being inefficient or unreliable. Quite likely, it is merely that its appearance strikes him as too "flashy," or perhaps that its high-speed engine is condemned by him as being "an adjectival buzz-box."

(*Continued on page* vi)

ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

"My experience (20/25 h.p. model) shows me that few cars—not, of course, including the ultra small ones—can be run more cheaply. Anyone who can produce the necessary capital to buy one would find that repair bills, petrol, oil and tyre outlay are ridiculously small, whilst it is one of the few motor-cars which has a constant second-hand value, and when depreciation is taken as a percentage of the capital, I doubt if any other car could show a lower figure."

A. Percy Bradley, Clerk of the Course, Brooklands

Rolls-Royce Ltd have some excellent reconditioned and guaranteed Rolls-Royce cars for disposal at moderate prices

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Buy a Car Made in the United Kingdom

The easy-to-send present for hard-to-please people

Christmas presents at a range of 'easy' prices — ready to post

60 *in flat tin* **2/-** *in a carton*

105 *in boxes* **3/6** *in a carton*

120 *in oval tins* **4/-** *in a carton*

180 *in flat tins* **6/-** *in a carton*

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

De Reszke MINORS

30 TIN 1/-

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

After the Show—What to Buy?

(Continued from page iv)

Seen through other eyes, the same coachwork might be praised as "smart and modern," and the same engine as "snappy" or "lively."

SUCH prejudice is not unreasonable. Indeed, now that one can rely on any car to go well and to keep on going, it becomes quite natural to indulge one's prejudices in making a choice between one type and another. It often seems to me that the completely unprejudiced motorist, let loose in the modern showroom, would never succeed in making up his mind at all! Perhaps prejudice is not quite the right word to employ, since it suggests something that is essentially unreasonable. Many personal preferences are entirely reasonable, and can be supported by perfectly sound argument. Thus, in my own case, for instance, I have a definite preference for steering gears which are strongly self-centring. In my view, cars with such steering hold the road better at speed, and can be more readily controlled on corners.

It is evident, however, that there are many people who think differently. There are still quite a number of good cars—although they seem nowadays to be becoming fewer—which have steering of the non-self-centring variety. Such steering, of course, is apt to be a little lighter to handle—and it is quite justifiable to regard this factor as being sufficiently important to outweigh all others.

Again, I, personally, am by no means enthusiastic about stream-lining. In its modified form it seems to me rather pointless, since it contributes nothing to the car's efficiency. In its more advanced form, it appears likely to add about 1 per cent. to the car's speed, and to detract about 10 per cent. from its comfort. (I am assuming, of course, that the engine is conventionally placed at the front of the chassis.)

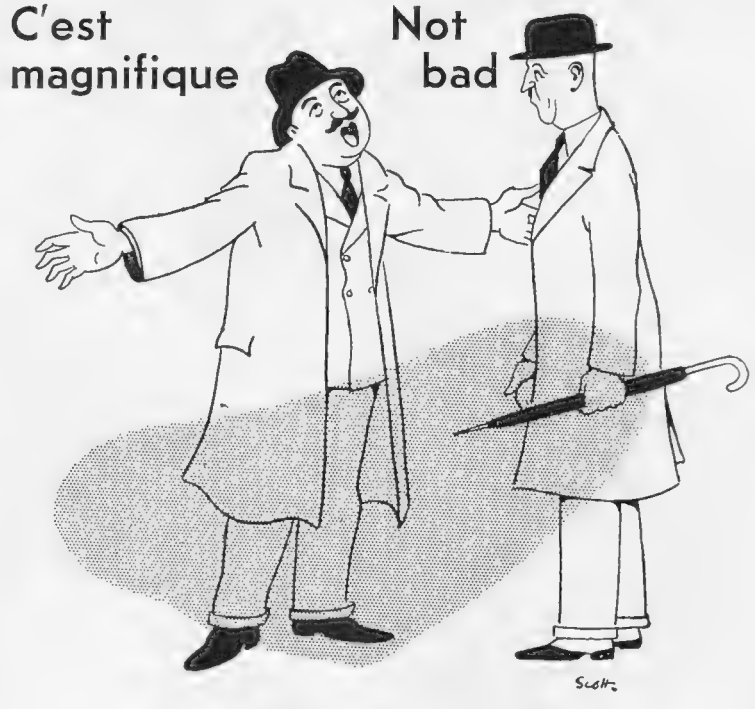
On the other hand, many people—perhaps the majority—think that a streamlined car gains very much in appearance. They like its sleek lines, and its suggestion of speediness. They are fully entitled to this opinion, and there is no reason why, if they choose, they should not buy pronouncedly stream-lined cars solely on this account. In these days, such apparently trivial points provide quite adequate reasons for buying one car rather than another. The more serious requirements, as I have indicated, are provided by the manufacturers almost universally.

The £100 "Popular" Ford which is the first four-seater saloon car with full equipment to be marketed at this price. Four adults can ride in comfort in the car

WHAT of the man who wants a car to conform to the following specification? Engine: around 12 h.p. Gearbox: four speeds, with some form of easy change. Performance: about 60 m.p.h. in top gear, and about 40 m.p.h. in third gear. Coachwork: a saloon body with four comfortable seats. Price: round about £250—a little more or less being immaterial.

I repeat, if he did not consult his personal preferences as regards minor points, how would he ever make his choice at all? One can name a dozen cars straight off which will fulfil these main conditions. It is the same in the 16-h.p. class, and the same again where cars of about 20 h.p. are concerned.

I think it was Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's Jeeves who used to insist on the need for "considering the psychology of the individual." Anyone who is consulted nowadays as to "what is a good car to buy" will do well, I suggest, to act upon this dictum first and last. Tell me a man's "fads," and then, perhaps, I will tell him what his car for 1936 should be.



Praise, with the loud pedal full down, often defeats its own objects. That is why we say, of "BP" Ethyl, that it is good—good for acceleration, good for climbing, and there isn't a knock in a tankful.

CAPT. EYSTON'S WORLD'S RECORD
3,372 MILES IN 24 HOURS.
For 24 hours his car was driven at an average speed of 140.522 M.P.H. He used nothing but ordinary 'BP' Ethyl exactly as sold from the pump. What better proof could there be of the excellence and reliability of 'BP' Ethyl on the road?

"BP" ETHYL is good

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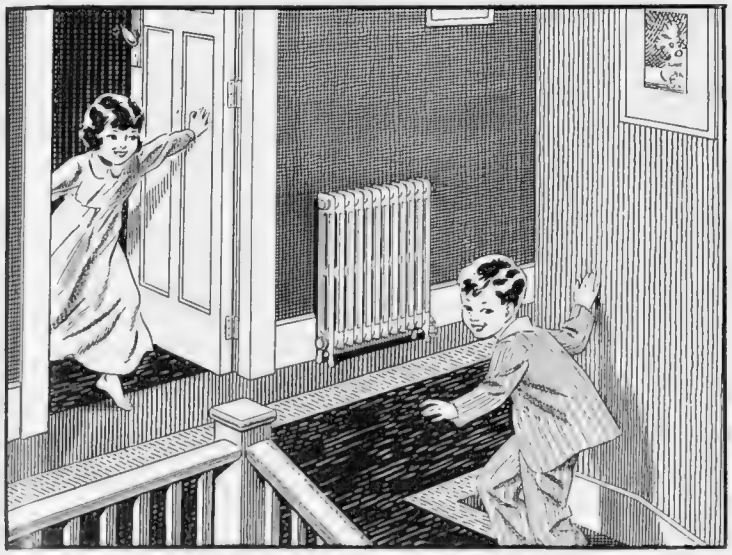
Protective Warmth Everywhere



Safeguard the health of your family this winter with Ideal Warming. Rooms and passages genially warm, free from draughts and dampness. A plentiful supply of hot water for baths, etc., always assured. Constant comfort for less daily expense than by any other method.

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Ideal Warming is suitable for old or new houses — large or small. Simple in operation and perfectly safe, burns smokeless fuels, prevents frozen pipes.

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CURAÇAO *is a Dutch Liqueur and* **POLLEN** *is the firm that make it.*

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DISTILLED IN HOLLAND FOR CENTURIES

AN INTERESTING STUDY

By the late CECIL ALDIN

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(printed in full colour)
ON THICK PARCHMENT PAPER
(all-over size 21"×17"), actual size of Picture 15½"×11" can now be obtained at 3/- per copy, Post Free.

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you will find the words

STOCKINGS BY BONDOR

in your programme

A Sound Investment for the Modern Home

How to Save Time and Money

IN the days of our grandmothers the now old-fashioned range was a continual source of labour and weariness to the long-suffering kitchen staff. Every morning it must be cleaned and blackleaded, at intervals throughout the day it must be stoked to keep up the necessary heat, in summer it raised the temperature of the kitchen to an uncomfortable degree, and, in short, it was a nuisance that few housewives of to-day would be prepared to tolerate. Economy combined with simplicity is the motto of the 1935 housewife, and Smith and Wellstood, proprietors of the "Esse" Cooker Company, 11, Ludgate Circus, have followed the same rule in creating the "Esse" cookers. The most striking feature of these cookers is the truly amazing degree of economy that has been attained in both fuel consumption and labour. This is demonstrated by the fact that one small scuttle of anthracite, or other solid, smokeless fuel, is all that is required to keep the fire burning day and night, while the correct cooking temperatures are automatically maintained. The ovens being scientifically ventilated, none of the nutritive properties or delicate flavours of the meat are lost in the cooking, a point of great importance in these days of scientific feeding. The lack of fumes of any sort ensures a healthy atmosphere, and cleaning operations are reduced to a minimum, the enamelled surface of the "Esse" requiring no more than an occasional wipe over with a damp cloth to ensure a spotless appearance.

The "Esse" cooker is a compact and delightful addition to every kitchen. It ensures a healthy atmosphere without excessive temperature, and no soot, dust or fumes. It is always alight day and night, while the correct cooking temperatures are automatically maintained. Fuel consumption can be reduced by as much as four-fifths, which means that the "Esse" cooker pays for itself

Cooking Made Easy

THE cooker is available in various sizes, to suit the different requirements of small or large houses. Thus the "Esse" Minor, suitable for small kitchens, has a cooking capacity for any number up to twelve, and costs only £45, or 7s. 1d. a week for those who prefer to pay by instalment. Then there is a medium-sized model called the "Esse" Premier, which will cater easily for any number up to twenty-two; while for hotels, schools, etc., the "Esse" Major has been designed to, and can, deal with really large numbers. All models are provided with spacious ovens, a boiling hot-plate, with a large simmering space, and a toaster. Special features which may be included if desired are an auxiliary oven and hot-closet for slow cooking and for keeping plates and dishes warm before serving; and a water-heater for baths and radiators. Special flat-bottomed utensils are available which, by giving a good contact with the hot-plate, prevent all waste of heat, and ensure rapid boiling. The standard colour for the enamelled body of the cookers is cream, but they are also available in grey-white, mottle, light-blue, or green. The top-plate is enamelled black, the front rail and other bright fittings being chromium-plated. Owing to the enormous saving in expense made possible by the exceedingly small fuel consumption, the "Esse" cooker may be said to pay for itself within quite a short time, while there is a system of no-deposit hire-purchase extending over as long as three years if desired.

An Interesting Exhibition

THE War-Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exhibition which Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone opened last Friday at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, is a show of first-class productions. It's the ninth of these annual exhibitions, and each year the work of the craftsmen, some blind, some paralysed, all ill or disabled in some way as a result of the war, shows a greater variety and excellence.

Among the most interesting exhibits are the nursery furniture from St. Dunstan's, carved, assembled, and even painted by blind men; replicas of the tablecloths and napkins made for the Prince of Wales on the "Sasma" stand; ingenious labour-saving furniture from Papworth, and the Preston Hall Industries; and a lovely Jacobean stool, lent by Princess Louise, which is exactly similar to one made for the Queen by War Service Legion men. There are dozens of other stands—for attractive, inexpensive jewellery, tweeds from Wales, leatherwork, basketwork, travelling equipment. The Exhibition is open every day from 11 to 5.30, until November 22nd.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition — October Monthly Medal Results

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each winter month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From April to September inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss M. Merriman	Congleton	80	16	64	70	6 below
Mrs. D. M. Hudson	Spalding	80	14	66	71	5 "
Miss M. Radcliffe	Alderley Edge	87	18	69	74	5 "
Miss Z. Bonner-Davis	Bishop's Stortford	78	8	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Ainley	Huddersfield	88	15	73	77	4 "
Miss N. Margetson	Chislehurst	82	15	67	71	4 "
Mrs. D. Kemp	Cleethorpes	84	16	68	72	4 "
Mrs. Wright	Stockport	87	18	69	73	4 "
Miss W. M. Berry	Ormskirk	76	4	72	75	3 "
Miss K. M. Bentley	Olton	75	4	71	74	3 "
Mrs. A. D. Stocks	Burhill	80	7	73	76	3 "
Mrs. L. E. Frenken	Dulwich & Sydenham	89	17	72	75	3 "
Miss Robinson	Trentham	77	4	73	75	2 "
Miss D. Lees	Northants County	91	15	76	78	2 "
Miss D. Waite	Market Rasen	81	16	65	67	2 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss E. Read	Chigwell	99	36	63	74	11 below
Mrs. A. Sanson	Poona	95	36	59	68	9 "
Mrs. O. Atkinson	Ilkley	99	31	68	76	8 "
Mrs. Carey	North Hants	95	27	68	74	6 "
Mrs. Travers Blackley	North Hants	96	28	68	74	6 "
Mrs. E. Ashoner	Chevin	97	30	67	73	6 "
Miss N. Methley	Rotherham	102	34	68	74	6 below
Miss A. Gilmour	Irvine	100	28	72	77	5 "
Mrs. T. G. Hill	Bowdon	100	30	70	75	5 "
Miss M. Travers	Bowdon	91	20	71	75	4 "
Miss P. Heywood	Chislehurst	93	26	67	71	4 "
Mrs. H. A. Skinner	Northampton	106	35	71	75	4 "
Miss D. Stephens	Burhill	95	22	73	76	3 "
Miss Hipwell	Northants County	99	24	75	78	3 "
Mrs. Sudlow	Trentham	100	28	72	75	3 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Engaged

Hugo Wilfred Marlay Fleury, of 5, The Manor, Davies Street, W.1, and Northdown, Heathfield, Sussex, the eldest son of Captain A. M. Fleury, and of the late Mrs. Fleury, and Betty Constance Morton, the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Geoffrey Morton, of Grovehurst, Pembury, Kent, who have announced their engagement

Kay Vaughan

Easter Clifton

Is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. T. Clifton, of Lytham Hall, Lytham, Lancs, and Kildalton Castle, Isle of Islay, and of Mrs. Clifton, and is to marry Gerald Baird, the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Dawson Baird, and of Mrs. Baird, of Derwent, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire

Fayer of Vienna

June Thomson

Is the only daughter of Mr. Bernard Thomson, of 178, Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W., and of the late Mrs. Thomson; she has announced her engagement to John Stuart Daniel, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniel, of the Red House, St. Peter's-in-Than

Hay Wrightson

Katherine Hagan

Is the daughter of Mrs. Lenore Hagan, of New York and London, and has announced her engagement to Charles James Forbes, the only son of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Morton Forbes, K.C.B., D.S.O., of Cawsand Place, Wentworth, Virginia Water

Bassano

Mary Chetwynd-Stapylton

Is the only daughter of Colonel B. H. Chetwynd-Stapylton, C.B.E., and Mrs. Chetwynd-Stapylton, of Home Farm, Little Barrington, Glos.; she is to marry Ralph Meredyth Turton, the son of Major and Mrs. R. B. Turton, of Kildale Hall, Yorkshire

Kay Vaughan

Joan Weir

Is the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Leslie Wier, C.I.E., and Mrs. Weir, of The Residency, Baroda, and 125, Queen's Gate, S.W.; she is engaged to Dudley Hugh Biscoe, the son of the late Sir Hugh Biscoe, K.B.E., and of Lady Biscoe, of 64, Marryat Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.

Stuart Hamilton

Pamela Bruce

Is the only daughter of Mrs. K. M. Bruce, and the stepdaughter of Capt. K. M. Bruce, D.S.O., R.N., of Austen's Gerrard's Cross; she has announced her engagement to Richard Jeffcock, only son of the late Capt. H. C. F. Jeffcock, and Mrs. Carlyon-Hughes, of Englehurst, Englefield Green

Navana

Jean Anderson

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Anderson, of Pittormie, Cupar, Fifeshire, Scotland, and has announced her engagement to Hugh Wittall Marlow, R.A.F., the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marlow, of Whitechurch, Canonicorum, Dorset

Fayer of Vienna

Cicely Bevan

Is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Bevan, of 103, Gloucester Place, W.1; she is engaged to Edward Twentyman, of 59, Gordon Square, W.C.1, who is the Secretary to the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture and Trading in Arms

Pearl Freeman

Mary Ashworth

Is the only daughter of the late Colonel L. T. Ashworth, R.A., and Mrs. Ashworth, and granddaughter of Mrs. Astley Cooper, of Hambleton Hall, Oakham, Rutland; she is to marry Flt-Lt. John Powell, R.A.F., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Powell, of St. Andrews, Jamaica

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Salmon

Is engaged to John Hayes Marriott, of Ebury Street, S.W.1, the elder son of the late Sir Hayes Marriott, K.B.E., C.M.G., and the late Lady Marriott; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Balliol Salmon, of South Parade, W.4

Wills — Hare

George Seton Wills, the son of Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, of Littlecote, near Hungerford, and Lilah Mary Hare, the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Percy Hare, of Villa mes Delices, Mentone, France, were married at St. Mary's Church, Chilton Foliat, Wiltshire

Below: Lieutenant S. T. Harrison, R.N., of H.M.S. Hermes, the son of Sir Charlton and Lady Harrison, and Miss af Petersens, the daughter of Captain and the Baroness af Petersens, of Malmo, Sweden, were married in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore

Harrison — af Petersens

Carus-Wilson — Atkinson

Cecil Caradoc Carus-Wilson, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Carus-Wilson, of Casterton, Westmorland, and Rowena Cecilia Atkinson, the younger daughter of the late Hon. Cecil Atkinson, and of the Hon. Mrs. Cecil Atkinson, of Hollybrook, Folkestone, were married at St. Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield

St. John — Lambton

Left: Oliver Charles Beauchamp St. John, the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Beauchamp and Lady St. John, and Elizabeth Mary Lambton, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lambton, of Gables, Rotherfield, Sussex, were married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

Right: Kenneth A. T. Bowden, the only son of the late Mr. A. T. Bowden, and of Mrs. Bowden, of Arkwright Road, Hampstead, and Mary Burgess-Smith, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Burgess-Smith, were married at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand

Bowden — Burgess-Smith

Morley — Duckworth

odfrey William Rowland Morley, e only son of Mr. Arthur Mor-y, K.C., Recorder of Sheffield, nd Mrs. Morley, of 3, Oakwood ourt, W., and Phyllis Dyce uckworth, the only daughter of ir Edward and Lady Duckworth, Wilford Rise, Woodbridge, Suf-lk, were married at Holy rinity Church, Brompton, S.W.

Paterson — Goldie

Aylmer John Noel Paterson, the son of Canon and Mrs. Noel Paterson, of The Rectory, Hartlebury, Worcestershire, and Kathleen Mary Goldie, the eldest daughter of Mr. Noel Goldie, K.C., and of Mrs. Goldie, of 18, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1, were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, S.W.

Norton-Griffiths — Schrafft

Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, Bt., of San Francisco, California, the eldest son of the late Sir John Norton-Griffiths, Bt., and of Lady Norton-Griffiths, of 9, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, and Kathryn Schrafft, the daughter of Mr. George Schrafft, were married at the Grace Episcopal Church, Newton, near Boston, Massachusetts

Bent — Burdock

Commander Harry P. H. Bent, R.N. (ret.), the son of the late Mr. Harry Bent, and of Mrs. M. M. Bent, and Kathleen Mary Edith Burdock, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Archie Burdock, of Glen Cottage, Alumsdale Road, Bournemouth, were married at St. James's Church, Sussex Gardens

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 13—November 19

THE THEATRE

Plays

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Irvine's comedy has a "to-work-or-not-to-work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BLACK EYE.—There 's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—Greer Garson makes an excellent "butterfly," and Franklin Dyall is the prosecutor in this Divorce Court play revived: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COINCIDENCE.—Ena Burrill starring in Byers Robertson's play, which is macabre but interesting, supported by Jack Hawkins, Antoinette Cellier, and Barry K. Barnes: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

THE HANGMAN.—Gloomy symbolism from Scandinavia; with Frank Vosper in an almost non-speaking part: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Exquisite acting by Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet, Laurence Olivier is a controversial Romeo, John Gielgud is Mercutio, and produced the play: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Robert Morley's first play stars Marie Tempest, Sybil Thorndike, and A. E. Matthews: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOWERS OF THE HILLS.—Adapted from the French, and with D. A. Clarke-Smith and Sara Allgood in the cast, it deals movingly with peasant life: Westminster, 8.45. Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—Revival of a Tchehov tragedy; with Marie Ney, Vivienne Bennett, and Nancy Hornsby as the ladies in question: Old Vic, 8 (except Monday). Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

TREAD SOFTLY.—Ronald Squire and Yvonne Arnaud team up again in a play by Peter Traill: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.—Comedy song-and-dance show; with Jim Gerald, Elena Lenska, and Rex Evans: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 68.—Meggie Eaton, Doris Barry do good work; Geoffrey Denton and Doreen Dalton sing delightfully; Ivor Beddoes, Bobbie Stuart and Frederick Hargreaves dance cleverly, and Eric Barker and Ken Blain supply some distinctive humour: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

"RIVALS!"—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—New musical comedy, with Riviera atmosphere and a big company, including Leslie Henson, Florence Desmond, and Louise Brown: Gaiety, 8.15.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane as the best bet: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A murder drama by James Parish, with Barbara Couper, Winifred Evans, Bernard Lee, Ronald Ward: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: now transferred to St. James's.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

MURDER GANG.—A thriller in seventeen scenes, and with a cast of sixty-two: Embassy, November 15th.

WHITE CARGO.—Revival of the ever-popular play of white men, brown women, and black hate: Cambridge, November 16th.

CINEMAS

ALICE ADAMS.—Katharine Hepburn doing her stuff in the screen version of Booth Tarkington's Pulitzer Prize Novel: Plaza.

BARBARY COAST.—A gold-rush romantic thriller by MacArthur and Hecht, starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea: London Pavilion.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthews in her first film since *Evergreen*; Sonnie Hale, Griffith Jones, Anna Lee and Alfred Drayton lend good support: New Gallery.

LAST LOVE.—A Viennese tragedy with music and a Japanese leading lady in Michiko Meinl: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen, and it 's not what it was expected to be: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

MOSCOW NIGHTS.—A drama of the old Russia with Harry Baur, Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward: Leicester Square Theatre.

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA.—Josephine Hutchinson and Pat O'Brien star in a fast-moving thriller: Regal.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore in great voice in a very musical musical, with Leo Carrillo and Michael Bartlett: Marble Arch Pavilion.

STORM OVER ASIA.—Pudovkin's film starts a season of memorable Soviet pictures: Forum, Villiers Street.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

THE TUNNEL.—A strong story of big finance, engineering marvels, and heroism. A notable cast is headed by Richard Dix and Leslie Banks: Tivoli.

WAY DOWN EAST.—Latest version of a famous film, with Rochelle Hudson in the rôle created by Lilian Gish. Also: REDHEADS ON PARADE: Capitol.

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(*Continued on page* F)

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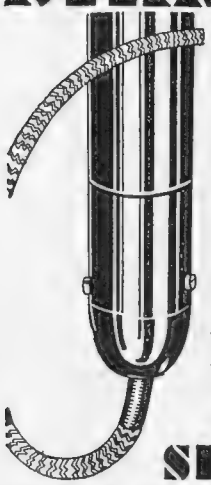

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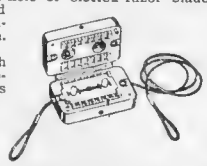

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS.—THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Ninette de Valois, Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Margot Fonteyn, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, Harold Turner.

CASSE NOISETTE, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE: November 16th, 2.30.

RAKE'S PROGRESS, CARNAVAL, JOB: November 19th, 8.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Sir Henry Wood conducts Handel's Concerto Grosso in A minor; Mozart's Piano Concerto in D (Egon Petri); and Beethoven's Third Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Sir Landon Ronald conducts an Elgar programme—the "Gerontius" Prelude, "Falstaff," and Symphony No. 2: Queen's Hall, November 18th, 8.15.

Recitals

K. U. SCHNABEL.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

SARAH FISCHER.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

EDWIN FISCHER.—Beethoven recital: Wigmore Hall, November 16th, 3.

ELIZABETH SCHUMANN.—Song recital: Queen's Hall, November 17th, 3.15.

MOISEIWITCH.—Piano recital (National Sunday League): Palladium, November 17th, 3.15.

ISRAEL HOFFMAN.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, November 18th, 8.30.

EFREM ZIMBALIST.—Violin recital: Queen's Hall, November 19th, 8.30.

EXHIBITIONS

SUNDAY TIMES BOOK EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall, Regent Street, to November 18th.

WAR-DISABLED MEN'S EXHIBITION AND SALE.—The place to do early Christmas shopping: Imperial Institute, South Kensington.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—*Un Peu de Paris* is the new Folies Bergère show here; Syd Lipton plays dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant, plus cabaret, is now open; Harry Roy plays for dancing: extension, Friday.

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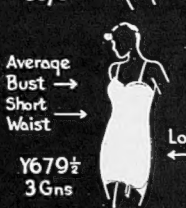

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